

# THE ROUND TABLE.

No. 30.—VOL. II.

Saturday, July 9, 1864.

Price \$4 a Year, in Advance.  
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A Religious Imposition.  
A Mixed Science.  
Where is American Oratory?  
The "Eclectic" and its Elect.  
REVIEWS:  
Hudson's Shakespeare.  
LIBRARY TABLE:  
Pulpit Ministrations.  
Linnet's Trial.

LITERARIANA:  
American.  
Foreign.  
PERSONAL:  
American.  
Foreign.  
ANNOUNCEMENTS:  
American.  
Foreign.

EDITORIALS:  
Exit Congress.  
The Naval Fight.  
Sensible Summering.  
The Treasury Department.  
Editorial Paragraphs.

ART:  
Pictures in New York.  
The Hartford Collection of  
Pictures.  
Philadelphia Art Notes.  
New Likeness of Washing-  
ton.

DRAMA:  
Theatrical Benefits Exposed.  
MUSIC:  
Current Notes.  
CORRESPONDENCE:  
Boston.  
London.  
A Plaintive Poster.

## A RELIGIOUS IMPOSITION.

THERE are many matters of interest to the public, the free discussion of which would endanger the influence of a good cause. No honest journalist will ever take advantage of his position to encroach upon such subjects; but when, in the face of opinion widely expressed, and many suggestions offered in the kindly way of confidence, an evil is zealously persisted in, even until it becomes a nuisance and an imposition, then there is no policy or honesty which can demand of the true critic a longer silence.

There is published in this city every week a journal which professes to be the exponent of the highest type of religious life in America. It has a large circulation and great influence. It is sent forth to be the Sabbath reading of the land. There is hardly a village, north, east, or west, where it is not more or less known. And in consideration of its great pretenses, its supposed corps of Christian writers, and its position at the head of a prominent religious organization, it likes to be thought the great religious journal of New York, and, indeed, of the country. Thus much for its position and responsibility.

A copy of the New York *Independent* for June 30, 1864, lies before us. We took it up with the thought that so vast a field for a great and Christian influence is presented to no other agency. We took it up, too, thinking that for the time we should be in sympathy with a finer sentiment, a truer and calmer thought, and a nobler style of journalism than the secular press presents. We thought to read of the higher life—the inner experiences—the soul-power of man. And here is the result:

Whole number of columns	48
Columns of advertisements	26
Editorial religious articles	none.
Columns of war, politics, and finance	11.
" " Mr. Beecher's sermon	5
" " Market reports	1
" " Religious news	2
Number of religious articles	3

How far this table justifies the *Independent* in calling itself a religious paper, we leave to the good sense of our readers to determine. The Christian element hardly thought of in a journal professing to be the leading religious paper of the land! Hardly a breath of the purer world—the grander life! All weighed down and almost smothered with the love of money and the world! Putting the most secular of papers into the hands of Sabbath readers under the guise of religion! Shame, a thousand times shame, on the authors of such an example.

But this is not all. We took up this copy of the *Independent* expecting to find its mass of shameless and revolting advertisements somewhat abated. But the vilest of the vile advertisements which we know secular papers to have refused over and over again, defile its pages. Here the young woman can learn how to ward off the troubles of misconduct, and the young man how to counteract the effects of dissipation. And this almost side by side with Mr. Beecher's sermons! On one page a poem entitled "The

Sword of Christ," and near by the most infamous cards of wicked poison-makers! Is there no wrong here? Can a man serve two masters?

It is sad to think that the evil must thus go forth with scarce a grain of the good. That men and women, under the garb of sanctity, must receive into their homes that which under other circumstances would make them blush to come in contact with. We have no other word for such a mischief except imposture. And such it is. Better a thousand times that it be buried from sight and memory for ever than that it go forth to lessen man's respect for things high and holy. If it must meddle with politics and war and finance and speculation and the markets, then it were better that it drop from its heading the motto which it flaunts, "Not as pleasing men, but God!"

We cannot but believe that the evil will in time bring about its own most effective remedy. Christian men and women will not always be blind to the sop that is put before them. Nor will the Congregational churches of the country be content to be thus represented by an organ whose first and last desire seems to be to acquire wealth. In time the demand for a religious paper will be met, or it may be that the tide of favor which now flows toward this imposture of journalism will turn in another direction, and give encouragement to some paper now weaker in money, but stronger in morals. Such a punishment would be but justice. There is a point of forbearance beyond which the people will not go.

## A MIXED SCIENCE.

THERE is no country where the study of zoology has become more popularized than in England. What with its "seashore recreations," manuals, elements, essays, public museums, zoological gardens, social science clubs, and popular lectures, the study becomes nearly as common as music or the languages. In this country it is quite different, and the pursuit of these studies is confined to the doctor, professor, or to special students. Many of these, however, are doing all they can to cultivate a taste for this pleasing study among the masses, and the results of their labors are seen in the popularity of such papers as Agassiz's contributions to the pages of the *Atlantic*. While this good work is going on, it is discouraging, nay, outrageous to see such a magazine as *Harper's Monthly* giving publicity to an article entitled "Soundings" which we find in the July number. We venture to assert that, in the short space of seven pages, a bigger mass of crudities and falsities and a larger number of unintelligible drawings can nowhere be found. The paper purports to be an illustration of the particles brought up on a sounding-lead off the coast of Newfoundland. During the author's examinations he tells us of certain forms having undergone transformations, many of which have no transformation to undergo, and of others which he is able to find in their "early stages" with the

assistance of a glass bottle as a magnifying-glass, in he being confined meanwhile in a cabin lighted by two candles, on board a rocking ship; when to reveal similar conditions of the animals he speaks of, has required the highest powers of the best microscopes in the hands of profound naturalists, during which investigations the operator has closed himself in a room well lighted by day, when even the pulsations of his heart became an annoyance.

He figures and describes cucullæ, while only one species of this mollusk is known, and that is confined to China and Mauritius. A worm is figured which he thinks is a variety of amphibæna (for he uses the term "variety" when he should say "species"), and adds that it is "aquatic in its habits." This is probably true regarding the worm in question, seeing that it was brought up from the bottom of the ocean. Amphibæna, however, is a land serpent, living in ant-hills and burrows which it constructs under ground, and is found in Brazil, Surinam, and other tropical parts of the continent. It is rarely found in deep water.

The writer mentions the occurrence of clausilia several times, while clausilia is a delicate land shell, not found in North America and abundant only in Southern Europe. We supposed he meant scalaria, a species of which is common in that region, but afterward he describes it as a land shell, suggesting the probability of its drifting out to sea. It must have drifted from Europe in surprising numbers, since he met with it several times. He says the animal is somewhat like a snail, having tentacula instead of cilia. Clausilia is a true snail; the whole class of gastropods have tentacula, but none have cilia of this kind. What is pronounced as a sponge is probably some form of a polyp and belongs to the mollusca. An animal called a clo resembles that animal about as much as it does a rag baby.

But the most astounding thing announced is meeting with the aspergillum, and before it had undergone its last transformation. Shades of Cuvier! It has no transformation to undergo, though the writer's drawing has. Only four species of this rare genus have ever been described, and these are found in New Zealand, Red Sea, Java, and Australia. Nothing approaching the aspergillum occurs in our seas. To make the story still more ridiculous the writer states that dredgers bring up many at times on the coast. He speaks also of lectraria. No such genus has ever been described. If he means lutraria, he did not find it.

A wretched drawing is given of a shell which he supposes pectenculus, a genus only found in India, New Zealand, the West Indies, and along the western coast of North America. And finally a drawing of a crab's claw is given, which he supposes the last whorls of a shell, and suggests that there may be creatures small enough to make sweet music by blowing it. Why did he not find the creatures and give us a sketch of one of them?

As a parallel to the "Soundings" we give an

extract from an account of a trip on the Hudson, omitting the drawings and selecting the larger animals instead of the smaller: "The first haul of our net brought up several conch shells and a few young crocodiles, which afforded infinite amusement to the monkeys so abundant near us. At a distance were seen numerous hippopotami lashing the water with their tails, while the dulcet strains of the parrots made the woods resonant with their musical cries. The foot-prints of a giraffe were noted near the shore, and the carcass of an elephant we shot yesterday furnished a rich banquet to the hyenas and condors. The trout, aquatic in their habits, were plenty," etc., etc.

#### WHERE IS AMERICAN ORATORY?

ONE of the most surprising of the phenomena of this wonderful war is the decadence of American oratory. At few periods of the world's history have there been such grand opportunities for eloquence; but our orators have been dumb, or have uttered only uncertain sounds. Had a Clay or a Webster stood in Congress at the time when Southern members were leaving their seats to join the secession movement, would we have had a civil war? One sublime speech then, expressing what everybody thought and felt, might have killed the rebellion. Alas! none came. Those words of fire, branding the crimes of treason and of perjury upon recreant congressmen; those words of prophecy, foretelling the dire disasters that would follow resistance to the United States Government; those words of warning, depicting the terrible desolation that would visit the sunny South; those words of power, asserting the overwhelming strength and indomitable will of the North; those words of bitter scorn and stern rebuke for those who sought to destroy not only the best government on earth, but also the hopes of suffering humanity everywhere—those words were never spoken. The opportunity came and was allowed to pass unimproved.

Then the Peace Congress assembled. Where were our orators then? The best men in the land composed that Congress. Some of them were most eloquent men. We have heard them move the hearts of immense audiences when pleading before a jury in a case of trifling importance. We have heard them rouse listening thousands to enthusiasm when speaking from the stump upon the comparative merits of candidates for a little political office. Could none of them plead the cause of an innocent nation about to be outraged by the worst of crimes? Could none of them speak when a civil war, instead of a local election, was the question at issue?

President Lincoln journeyed through the country on his way to Washington. At every station, at every city, he paused to make a speech. What speeches they were! A joke; a story; inquiries for the little girl who had advised him to wear whiskers; and a declaration that there was "nobody hurt!" Good enough jokes; good enough stories; good enough off-hand speeches; but not the speech that every thoughtful man waited and longed to hear.

Fort Sumter fell, and then we saw the mighty uprising of the North. The great meeting at Union Square is well remembered: the suspension of business, the crowds, the heroic enthusiasm. But who remembers the speeches? Bull Run hung the land in mourning, but no orator touched the hearts of the living with the story of the slain. The Fourth of July, came. It was celebrated with only the usual demonstration, and the speeches were even below the average. Another year rolled around, full of battles and sieges, of victories and defeats, and when the Fourth of July came again the day lacked some of its customary fervor, and people said, "We are too much in earnest to celebrate it." But were

there no orators to give that earnestness voice? Not one.

At the close of another year the nation had been in dreadful straits and perils, but no oratory helped her: the capital was in danger, but no orator stepped forward and started the eager cry, "To arms!" Another Fourth of July—we make this day so prominent because it was the great talking day in the old times—and Governor Seymour spoke at the Academy of Music, ignoring our armies and laboring upon dead political topics at the very time that the glorious news from Gettysburg was flashing over the wires. That news would have made the reputation of any ancient orator, coming as it did so fitly for a climax of a Fourth of July speech; but the governor never alluded to it, and concluded, as he had begun, with political platitudes. Vicksburg gave us another subject, but no orator took advantage of it. In England, Henry Ward Beecher spoke admirably; here, he is still. The emancipation proclamation elicited no oratorical response. Triumphs or disasters, victories or defeats, it was all the same to American orators. None of them had anything to say about the topics so near to every heart.

Dead heroes were brought home from the war, but no one was ready with a panegyric. Slavery was dying, but Charles Sumner, who had delivered splendid orations against it, could only maunier about it when it required an oratorical *comp de grâce*. Wendell Phillips, our most graceful orator, only scolded and found fault, and ate his own words. In Congress there was nothing but balderdash. The Senate seemed to have lost its soul. The House appeared as if it never had any. At length, Gettysburg again became the text for an oration, and he who was called our greatest orator was chosen to deliver it. A cemetery was to be dedicated to our fallen braves. Mr. Everett's speech will not soon be forgotten for its total failure. Never before had any orator so sublime a theme. The landscape about him was eloquent. Our dead heroes almost started from beneath the sod to speak from their graves. The evidences of the battle were strewn around. And yet Mr. Everett's oration was merely an essay. He gave a long history of secession and an incorrect sketch of the battle. His flowers of rhetoric were colored wax. The graves before him were only heaps of dirt in his eyes. He felt no emotion and he caused none—except that of weariness. He ceased, and there was a general sense of relief. He had buried his reputation as an orator in the cemetery he came to dedicate.

In vain do we attend the Russian banquet or go to meetings at the Cooper Institute to find our lost oratory. The witchery of Brady's brogue is gone. We have no ears for Hiram Walbridge. All the other orations come from the same third-class shop. None of them have the real ring. The other evening, for example, our speakers tried to express "the nation's gratitude to Grant." How deep the gratitude—how weak the expression! The first element of oratory was lacking, for one could not hear what the speakers said. Perhaps that was fortunate; for, when we read what they had said in the next morning's paper, we discovered that it was not worth hearing. Yet who could possibly desire a better subject for an oration than Grant and our gratitude? How Clay would have treated it, his clear voice reaching the outermost verge of the crowd! How Webster would have dealt with it, in words as undying as the deeds they eulogized! How Choate would have immortalized himself and the meeting! But these orators are no more, and their mantles have fallen in the dust. There are no orators at the North, either to rouse the popular heart or to give utterance to its sentiments and aspirations. There are no orators at the South, either to fire the Southern mind or to chill it with the sad truth. The opposition has no

orators to depict and rebuke the tyranny under which its organs assert that we are groaning. The Administration has no orators to vindicate and defend it. We often hear that the spirit of American liberty has fled from among us. Has the spirit of American oratory fled with it? And will they return to us soon and together?

#### THE "ECLECTIC" AND ITS ELECT.

THE appearance of the *Eclectic Magazine* for July provokes the utterance of a criticism which has been too long delayed. The readers of the ROUND TABLE do not need to be told that we entertain very little respect for editors or publishers who live cheaply upon the productions of the brains of authors whom they never think of paying, and we confess that we never take up the *Eclectic*, *Littell's Living Age*, or in fact any of the numerous reprints of foreign publications, without being reminded of the well-worn proverb that "the receiver is as bad as the thief."

In behalf of the readers of the *Eclectic* we beg leave to enter an emphatic protest against the slovenliness and bad taste which is displayed in certain departments of this magazine—if it be proper to speak of it as having departments. In the first place we venture to assert that any school-boy of ordinary intelligence could express himself more grammatically upon paper than does the editor in the note which briefly indexes the contents of each number. To go back no farther than the June issue for an illustration: in referring to Mr. Peabody, whose portrait embellished that number of the periodical, the editor exclaims, "We offer a tribute to the brilliant benevolence of his character on both sides of the Atlantic," which we should think rather a difficult thing to do. The attention of the readers of the magazine is called to an article in the body of the same number by the following atrocious sentence: "The eyes of Europe and the world are turned to the Danish duchies, which are a small affair compared with the dread conflict on this side the water." These are merely isolated illustrations of the carelessness displayed by the editor in one part of his work. It may seem captious to call attention to such evident blunders, but it is a natural inference that one who "murders the king's English" so deliberately is hardly fitted to pass judgment upon the productions of other writers.

Let this pass, however, for we have a still more emphatic protest to utter, and that is against the readers of the *Eclectic* being subjected to such an exhibition of literary toadyism as is given in the surrender of five pages of the July number of the magazine to an exaggerated puff of "An Epic of the Olden Moorish Times," by Mrs. Elizabeth T. Porter Beach, for which we are indebted, as the types distinctly tell us, to "the Editor of the *Eclectic*." It is not our present purpose to express our opinion of "Pelayo," or to give our reasons for believing that the laudatory notices which have appeared in sundry journals have been extorted from editors wearied by that gentle but persistent pressure which some authors and authoresses know so well how to apply. We simply desire to place on record our conviction that, if the readers of the *Eclectic* can endure uncomplainingly such an infliction as that to which we refer, the editor need have no fears of exasperating them in the future. Indiscriminating commendations of the poem alluded to by half a score of critics of all grades of ability, from Mr. Bryant to William Wirt Sikes, are connected together by paragraphs, of which latter the following are fair specimens:

"The conception and plan of the poem are bold and venturesome, and indicate poetic genius of a high order. The success of the eagle-flight fully justifies the confidence of the authoress in her own native powers, with which she seems to have been richly endowed from childhood. Like the young eaglet she often indulged in poetic flights for her own gratification, the effusions of which only met the public eye anonymously until the outburst of the present rebel



tion, which called forth rich and eloquent strains of patriotic sentiment to grace the columns of one of our evening journals, the editor of which is one of our leading poets. We venture the belief that, if the name on the title-page of "Pelayo" had read Elizabeth Barrett Browning instead of Elizabeth T. Porter Beach, the admirers of English poets and poetry would have kindled with fresh admiration of the talents of that gifted and much-lamented lady for this new proof of her poetic powers."

It would be impossible to find in a country newspaper a worse jumble of metaphors or a bolder defiance of the rules laid down by Lindley Murray for the grammatical construction of sentences than these paragraphs furnish. The following certainly appropriately concludes this puff extraordinary:

"We only add a rare imperial testimony, which, from its high source, could hardly fail to be particularly gratifying to any author, however famed. The Empress of the French, Eugénie, born at Granada, amid the scenes so graphically described in this poem (see her portrait and biographical sketch in March number, 1859, of the "Eclectic"), having read "Pelayo," expressed her gratification, as we have been informed, by sending to the authoress a massive and magnificent gold medal, bearing her majesty's likeness on one side, in fine relief, and, on the reverse side, engraved the name of Mistress Elizabeth T. Porter Beach, encircled in a beautiful wreath of bay-leaves, roses, lilies, and forget-me-nots, accompanied by a highly complimentary letter expressing the pleasure of the empress upon reading "Pelayo," in which her native land and people are so flatteringly portrayed. The package, we believe, was intrusted to a French baron to deliver, whose name we do not recollect."

If the baron referred to had only been of German nationality instead of French we would venture a guess at his name—it must have been Munchausen—and the manner in which the sentence concludes compels us to ask the question whether the "massive and magnificent gold medal" ever reached its destination. If it did, we hope that Mistress Elizabeth T. Porter Beach will embrace an early opportunity of displaying it to the gaze of an admiring public by placing it in the show window of some one of the Broadway jewelers. Meanwhile let us commend to the editor of the *Eclectic* the motto *Ne sutor supra crepidam*. Let him confine himself to selections from foreign reviews, and never again inflict upon his intelligent readers such bosh as we have quoted.

## REVIEWS.

### HUDSON'S SHAKESPEARE.\*

IT was our fortune to meet at Heidelberg some years ago, soon after the appearance of the earlier volumes of the original edition of this Shakespeare, the well-known German commentator Professor Gervinus. The labors of the American editor were not unknown to us, but we were gratified with the hearty praise that the German bestowed upon our countryman, and not altogether surprised when he told us that during a recent sojourn among the English Shakespeareans in London he had found that they were not inclined to credit their transatlantic relatives with any critical sagacity on this theme, and were, in fact, even very nearly ignorant of this particular name. The case is somewhat different now; for Mrs. Cowden Clarke, in her appreciative notice of her American rival, is not alone among the authoritative exponents of the Old World's opinions.

There had been in the United Kingdom something over fifty editions of the plays before the works of Shakespeare ever received an American imprint, and the edition thus honored was Johnson's, in a reprint at Philadelphia in 1795. An earlier edition was hardly to be expected; but the subsequent annals of our literary history, developing with our progress as a nation, do not show us behindhand in regard to this mercantile popularity of the dramatist, and, could the statistics be furnished, there is little doubt the sales of the plays have grown to an annual extent that even exceeds those of the old country. In critical elucidation we have not been as eminent, but in view of the wrangling and heartburning of the multitude of rivals that have made the name of a

commentator in England almost synonymous with a scold, we may well be glad of our smaller but happier brotherhood. We have often wondered if these backbiting English editors ever fully considered the motive of one of Coleridge's dicta upon their authors, that "Shakespeare never puts a habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men." Beginning with Steevens and Malone, and coming down to the last new commentators on the Collier controversy, we stand aghast at the hideous enormity of the company (according to this interpretation of their demigod) that range themselves under the baton of a *variorum* editor. When, at the Shakespeare Festival of the Century Club in this city four years ago, Mr. Verplanck, the eldest of our editors, welcomed his younger brethren in Mr. Hudson and Mr. Grant White to the shrine of their common devotion; and when we read in Mr. Hudson's edition his acknowledgment of his elder's fitness, "He has no rival in this country, and will not soon be beaten;" and when we recall Mr. White's invariably kind references to both of his predecessors, we can well be thankful that the ocean is between us and the influences which disturb the critical equanimity of the old land, which has had so unfortunate a commentary of late in the miscarriages and diversities of their tercentenary celebrations.

We do not recall that American criticism had a fit exemplar upon this subject earlier than in the lectures, still unluckily in manuscript, which the elder Dana delivered in our cities some twenty-five years ago. We trust they have ripened under his now aged eye, and that we may yet have them as the legacy to his countrymen of one of the pioneers and best-honored names in our literary history. Of their quality we have only the token of our memories, besides the essay on Kean's acting that he has printed in his works, a paper which we are glad to see Mr. Hudson so appreciates as to regard it as settling the question whether criticism be capable of rising into an art. Had we space we might argue at this point with Mr. Hudson the question of Lear's adaptiveness for scenic representation, for we find it rather hard to reconcile his acknowledgment of the justice of Mr. Dana's essay and his consent to the position that Lamb assumed in his famous essay on Shakespeare's tragedies—a paper which is more *Elia*nic (delightful as that may be) than just or borne out by the facts; but this is a topic we cannot stop to discuss now. Mr. Hudson, as a general thing, is kindly disposed toward the criticism of the stage, and always speaks with the utmost goodwill of such a commentator as Mrs. Siddons doubtless was, though her instruments were the facial lines rather than the scratching of a quill. We are not disposed to break a lance with our editor when he says that "Shakespeare wrote for humanity as well as, yea, rather than for the stage." On broad grounds it is without doubt true, though there is some question if Shakespeare himself knew it at the time; but it is likewise true that it is a position an editor can assume without necessarily ignoring that phase of his fame which gives the popular understanding of him more largely than otherwise to those notions of his great characters which are communicated to the masses in the theaters. Mr. Knight is a lamentable instance of the recognition of this interpretation between the poet and his lovers, because he has the ill-nature to constantly flout at it. There is no denying that Tate, Cibber, and others mangled Shakespeare, but it is likewise undisputedly true that they never intended to make a text for the reader of the plays; and, despite the folly of their action as mere playwrights even, we contend that their mistakes were not half as culpable as those of the editors, Knight among the number, who have sometimes presumed to alter the text in the editions for the reader, in order to suit some notion of their own under-

standing, thereby moulding it for the indiscriminate reception of tens of thousands who may quote therefrom a minimum commentator for the maximum Shakespeare. But of this subject enough at present.

There are some grounds for believing that we are very favorably situated here in America for producing the best of editors of Shakespeare; and there are countless numbers yet unborn, doubtless, though it is a staggering thought what must be the capacity for accumulation of the zealous Shakespearean of the year of grace 1964, if the ratio of increase goes on the same as it has during the last hundred years. The success of German criticism during the present century has well shown that the bar of nationality has been no hindrance in the scheme of interpreting so cosmopolitan a genius as Shakespeare; and we in America are in a position to enjoy the same immunities from the traditional caprice of the land of his nativity without the additional restraint of a foreign tongue. Indeed there is some truth in the assertion which the genuine New Englanders make of the greater correspondence of their language to-day with the English of the Elizabethan era than obtains even in London and Stratford. It is not true to the extent that is often claimed, doubtless, but Mr. White, in his edition, has shown correspondences that were never so fully set forth before, and it must be in every one's experience that, in reading the *variorum* notes of the English editors, there are frequent instances of antiquarian research where the spontaneous decrees of our Yankee sense set the matter right at once. Then, again, we are a more plastic people, we have a wider interchange of opposite feelings among ourselves, and are not so bound to routine as English life is; and it is not very presumptuous for us to claim, that in the elucidation of so worldwide a knower of men as Shakespeare was, we can find our ampler intercommunication of thought and feeling a better preparation for understanding him. This is said in no depreciation of the generously wide sense of his supremeness which has characterized such as Coleridge and his followers. But our criticism has grown up with that width of understanding, untrammelled by traditions of black-letterists. Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Hudson both deal with Shakespeare in this spirit without carrying it to an excessive issue, as has been done in England till it has produced a reaction, as we see in the less spiritual and more textual researches of the later editors. Mr. Hudson, for instance, acknowledges gratefully the great debt due Mr. Collier for all that he has done in the antiquarian spirit, and is willing to make use of the unmistakably useful contributions of all that have been engaged in a like work from Steevens down; but they are used only as accessories, while his idea of duty is that of "involving or implying the principles of criticism so deeply meditated and expounded by Coleridge and Schlegel;" and to all who know what this kind of criticism is, and can appreciate its value, we cordially recommend Mr. Hudson's labors as entitled to consideration, for the reader may rest assured that they will not carry him beyond his depth into the transcendental realms that so many of the school have been urged in England. His course has been that of an expounder, theirs of an imitator of the criticism that is linked with Coleridge's name; and it is no new thing that imitation breeds excess of the thing imitated. Mr. Hudson very properly discovers this in Knight, for however valuable in many respects his editorial labors have been, we must be constrained to acknowledge it is with him a "boldness that goes so often wrong as to make him a questionable guide in any case." What Knight is to Coleridge, Ulrici is to Schlegel, and accordingly we find Mr. Hudson taking the gauge here again very correctly when he says the

\* The Works of Shakespeare: the Text carefully restored according to the first editions, with Introductions, Notes original and selected, and a Life of the Poet. By the Rev. H. N. Hudson, A.M. 11 vols. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 1853-4.

later German's criticisms "generally appear too something—perhaps too profound—to be of much use."

It is this circumspection on the part of Mr. Hudson that makes him to us a very pleasing editor. He is not so crotchety as Mr. White, though we would not throw any discredit on that gentleman's excellent edition, but their spheres are somewhat different. The younger claimant falls more in with the reactionary school in England and devotes his critical acumen almost wholly to the settling of the text, while Mr. Hudson throws more stress upon the meaning of character than of speeches. Each work is legitimate, and the one the complement of the other. The scholar may find in Mr. White more of the minutiae of the critic's art, and will doubtless often disagree with him upon the reliableness of rhyme and pun for determining the pronunciation of Shakespeare's day, and the consequent influence this decision may have upon the textual questions, without, at the same time, materially impairing the editor's claims for his favor. With Mr. Hudson's labors he will not find so open a field for dispute, nor do they make bold to invite it in the same way. His aim is to set forth the marvelous knowledge of his author in the realm of nature, and to place the landmarks for a submissive judgment. In his admirably written introduction, we give up our senses to his guidance with a feeling of relief, like that of resignation to the well-attested services of a Cicero in some great world's fair. We can only say of the new edition before us that it is on larger paper than the old impressions, and the set ranks very nearly uniform with Mr. White's crown-octavos.

#### LIBRARY TABLE.

*Pulpit Ministrations—Harper Brothers, N. Y.*—The corner-stone of the Brick Church was laid in 1766. It was formed by a colony from the Wall-street church, and contained, said Mr. Daniel Lord, "the democratic part of the larger Presbyterian Church" of that period, being made up chiefly of the New England element. Dr. Rodgers was its first pastor. Dr. Spring was installed as his colleague in 1810. For fifty-four years he has ministered to that people in spiritual things with such wisdom, eloquence, and success as have few parallels in the history of this country. From the first he has occupied a prominent position among the clergy of the land. His people have expected every Sunday to be taught sound doctrine and to be urged to a holy life, and pastor and people have worked together with entire unanimity. It has been well said of him that "no minister in the land has preached so many good sermons." His discourses are eloquent, but it is an eloquence founded in truth, not merely exciting emotion, but establishing principles. Loyalty to the truth of God, as recorded in the Scriptures, is one of his distinguishing characteristics. In the embittered disputes between the Old School and New School Presbyterians, he took but little part. He said of this rupture that "though his sympathies in doctrine and polity were with the Old School," yet that "neither he nor his church could ever be persuaded that such a wholesale excision, without any previous trial, was consistent with sound Presbyterianism." In his doctrinal sympathies he has stood in the main with the old school of New England theology, though not anxious to be classed with any school. The center of his preaching has always been the cross of Christ, and his volumes on the "Attractions of the Cross" and the "Glory of Christ" have a permanent place in our best religious literature.

Dr. Spring has been a prolific writer, yet most of his works sprang from his pulpit ministrations.

One of the secrets of his prolonged usefulness is found in the fact that he has been in the habit of preaching not merely isolated discourses, but series of sermons on weighty themes. His first work, we believe, was on "The Discriminating Traits of Christian Character," published in 1813. Besides this he has sent to the press some eighteen volumes, including those just issued, in addition to numerous occasional discourses and articles in leading theological reviews and journals. They all serve to show how much can be achieved by a man of untiring industry, faithful to his work in the midst of pressing parochial cares and numerous public engagements. Among his works, besides those already named, are "The Obligations of the World to the Bible," 1844; "The Mercy Seat," 1849; "The Power of the Pulpit," 1848; "First Things," in 2 vols., 1851; "Contrast between Good and Bad Men," 2 vols., 1855; "Brick Church Memorial," 1862.

The two handsome volumes just published are made up of "selections from several thousand manuscripts, and with no small embarrassment in the selection." The whole number of sermons is thirty-nine. They are admirable examples of the "pulpit ministrations" of the revered author, and well adapted to "Sabbath readings." Few works would answer this purpose better in congregations that may not have a preacher with them. The choice of subjects is varied, and they are all handled in a clear, simple, and forcible style. Many of the main topics of doctrinal exposition and of Christian duty and experience are judiciously treated for the edification of the believer, and to lead sinners to repentance. The appeals are always solemn, earnest, and tender; and they are wrought into every discourse, so that none of Dr. Spring's hearers can complain of his unfaithfulness. Doctrines are set forth as leading to duty, and duty in its turn is founded in doctrine, so that there is no undue separation of these two elements of Christian discourse. In hardly any sermons that we have read are both truth and life kept in such close contact and intimate conjunction. This is, in fact, one of the leading peculiarities of Dr. Spring's style of sermonizing. To this much of his power is owing. The intellect is enlightened and the conscience is quickened.

In point of style we think that these volumes on the whole are quite equal to any of Dr. Spring's previous publications. There is no ambitious striving after effect, nothing of the merely "sensational" style of discourse, no highly wrought imagery to gratify the merely natural taste and susceptibilities; but a clear, weighty, impressive, and often vivid presentation of his themes, as if his soul were absorbed and inspired by the truth itself. There is at times a condensed power, in a succession of concise and bold sentences, which must have told upon the audience when enforced by the impressive manner which so often characterizes the delivery of the author. The method in which he treats the different topics is determined not by any hackneyed rules, but by the nature of the case, the exigencies of the text, and the needs of the audience. Many of the sermons grow right out of the text, like a tree from its seed. There is in them, too, a sufficient variety of subjects and of style of treatment to suit the different classes of hearers, sometimes taxing the attention of the most logical, again adapted to the comprehension of the simple, often tender in consolation to the afflicted, comforting to the believer, and solemn and faithful in rebuke of the careless and guilty. The sovereignty and holiness of God, the inexcusable guilt of man, the glories of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, are themes that pervade the preacher's soul and run through all his discourses. Among the subjects most carefully elaborated are "The Spirituality of the Divine Nature," "The Father glorified by the

Humiliation of the Son," "The Faith of Paul," "The Immutability of Truth," "The Glory of the Divine Government," "Songs in the Night," "God the greatest Giver," "Personal Holiness the Great Blessing," "The Urgency of the Gospel," and "Present Obedience."

In the concluding pages Dr. Spring has a weighty word upon the contrast between much of the present style of preaching and that which prevailed half a century ago. He finds a tendency in the modern pulpit "to deify humanity and the principles of natural science," that "may insensibly lead to a disclaimer of the supernatural in religion," and to "a naturalizing of Christianity." He exhorts the younger preachers to a study of "those searching truths and earnest appeals that crowd the conscience of unrepenting men," as exemplified in Edwards, the Tennents, Mason, Nettleton, Alexander, and other lights of the past generation. Few ministers are better entitled to speak earnestly on this vital subject from a long and fruitful experience. To regain its full power, the ministry must be absorbed in its specific work. A living sense of the spirituality of the Gospel and of the guilt of sin, and a deeper conviction of the authority and necessity of divine truth, are enforced by the whole ministry of Dr. Spring, and pervade all his discourses.

*Linnet's Trial—A. K. Loring, Boston.*—In military instruction it is common to give commands "by detail;" that is, to count off deliberately the number and rhythm of the different motions to be made with the musket, the saber, or the artillery implements of the recruit. This is certainly well for the learner, but to the spectator it is singularly wearisome. To apply our metaphor, we advise novelists to beware of working out their plots and personages "by detail." Persons totally ignorant of social life and human nature might learn something, perhaps, from novels conscientiously constructed thus, but such persons do not read such novels, and to all other classes of readers the mass and chaos of petty particularization overwhelm the interest and the acumen which these microscopic writers often possess.

The novel which we have before us is an excellent example of this sort. "S. M.," whoever she may be, has much penetration, an evident fund of experience, some ingenuity, and a ready—a far too ready—flow of verbiage. We say, "whoever she may be," with certainty, for there is much internal evidence that "Linnet's Trial" is the work of feminine hands. No man, having so much culture as this authoress, could have written as she does at page 214:

"There are men in the world who are capable of being in love with two women at once."

This is a woman's error, for the sex has always been in favor of a monopoly of all the fidelity known to our species. The idea, erroneous as it is, is elaborated by an episode between three important personages in the book: a lively, thoughtless young man, an extremely disagreeable sort of Miss-Nancyish girl, and a flimsy widow with pretty hair. Their doings and misdoings are traced with wearisome scrupulousness through page after page of commonplace detail, here and there relieved, however, by a quiet touch of truthful analysis or a spark of poetic fire in description, such as that at page 152, where the young girl loses her way on the seashore. The introduction of this adventure is without any apparent reason. The reader is led to expect an elopement as its denouement, but brings up blankly at the end, wondering why "Rose" should have wandered about the cliffs and moors half the night without aiding thereby in the development of the plot or the delineation of her character. The character of "Brandon," her lover, is perhaps better drawn than any other in the story. The heroine, "Linnet," and her husband are little more than



mere named nonentities, though some very good and true remarks are put into the mouths of both. Henry Osborne—and indeed his father also—are entirely superfluous personages, having nothing whatever to do with the leading plot or the episode interwoven therewith. The same may be said of "Mrs. Fawcett," a wonderfully angelic nobody, who gently subsides from view after being introduced with a very considerable flourish of laudatory trumpets.

Shorn of its digressions, its prolix moralizing, its roving from post to pillar and from pillar to post, the simple story of the trial—it should have been called "Linnet's Husband's Trial"—is sufficiently interesting, but it might have been all told in one-third the space it occupies here. The action would have been quite as smooth, and it would have been far easier for the reader to carry the sequence of incidents in his memory. We are tempted to believe that the work was paid for at so much per page—the more pages the more pay—and that the authoress was unable to resist the temptation thus offered to dilate and particularize; though such a worldly motive is not quite in accordance with the lofty lesson of the tale.

We must strongly object to the making a common spy of Linnet, as at page 138 and elsewhere. No woman has a right to watch and pry into the love-affairs of her friend, or to meddle therein, unless consequences are immediately impending and are of the most disastrously ruinous character. In this case Rose and Brandon seemed well-suited to each other, and Linnet could have had no motive stronger than simple inquisitiveness, aided perhaps by a deep personal interest in the young girl.

In conclusion, we may say that, if "S. M." is to shine in the walk of novel-writing, she must prune her vocabulary with an unsparing hand. Her words are good enough, but they come in such torrents as nearly to overwhelm the unhappy reader.

### LITERARIANA.

Among the multitude of earthly things upon which the poets have showered the light of their genius, Nature stands pre-eminent. Most of them have sung of love, to which they are constitutionally prone; many have sung of war, in which they have never cut any great figure; a few have even turned philosophy into verse; but neither in philosophy, war, nor love are they so invariably masters of their art as when they sing of nature. The number who have devoted themselves to her service—who may be called rural poets—is small; but the number to whom she has been indirectly a source of inspiration, and who reflect her influence in their poems, is infinite. What occupies a whole poem in the lesser poets is summed up in a verse or two in the greater ones. Shakespeare can hardly be called a rural poet, but he was a marvelous painter of nature, as his thoughtful readers at once perceive. Witness his little songs, "When daisies pied and violets blue," "When daffodils begin to peer," and the exquisite catalogue of flowers in "The Winter's Tale," and the imagery of all his plays, which is richer in natural objects than that of any other poet. Milton is not usually ranked among the rural poets, but he was a close student of nature, who "joyed to wear the dressing of his lines," especially in his younger days before his country fell into her troubles which turned him from a poet into a politician. He was most a poet, it has always seemed to us, when he was living at Horton, amid whose beautiful scenery he wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus." Where shall one find a better description of morning, for instance, than in "L'Allegro"—a summer morning, steeped in the

dew of the merry England of olden time? Hear the youthful Milton:

And if I give thee honor due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew.  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreproved pleasures free;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And, singing, startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tower in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:  
While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before:  
Oft list'n'ing how the hounds and horn  
Cherishly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high-wood echoing shrill:  
Sometime walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, or hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
While the plowman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Can anything be better—more accurate as a transcript of nature, and more felicitous in the handling? But let us look farther, and see if we cannot match this morning-piece with a noon-picture. Continuing our quotation from "L'Allegro" would bring us within its sunny precincts, far enough, at least, to see Corydon and Thyrsis at their mid-day meal; but we prefer a fuller acquaintance with its light and heat, and here, happily, is one who can guide us thither—our gentle but unfortunate friend, poor John Clare, of whom we wrote at some length last week. Let us follow him.

#### NOON.

All low silent and how still:  
Nothing heard but yonder mill:  
While the dazzled eye surveys  
All around a liquid blaze;  
And amid the scorching gleams,  
If we earnest look, it seems  
As if crooked bits of glass  
Seem'd repeatedly to pass.  
Oh for a puffing breeze to blow!  
But breezes all are strangers now:  
Not a twig is seen to shake,  
Nor the smallest bent to quake;  
From the river's muddy side  
Not a curve is seen to glide:  
And no longer on the stream  
Watching lies the silver beam,  
Forcing, from repeated springs,  
"Verges in successive rings,"  
Bees are faint, and cease to hum;  
Birds are overpowered and dumb.  
Rural voices all are mute.  
Tuneless lie the fife and flute:  
Shepherds with their panting sheep,  
In the swallest corner creep:  
And from the tormenting heat  
All are wishing to retreat,  
Huddled up in grass and flowers,  
Mowers wait for cooler hours;  
And the cow-boy seeks the sedge,  
Rampling in the woodland hedge,  
While his cattle o'er the vales  
Scamper, with uplifted tails:  
Others not so wild and mad,  
That can better bear the gad,  
Underneath the hedge-row lunge,  
Or, if high, in waters plunge.  
Oh! to see how flowers are took,  
How it grieves me when I look:  
Ragged-robins, once so pink,  
Now are turned as black as ink,  
And the leaves, being scorched so much,  
Even crumble at the touch:  
Drowning lies the meadow-sweet,  
Flopping down beneath one's feet:  
While to all the flowers that blow,  
If in open air they grow,  
Th' injurious deed alike is done  
By the hot relentless sun.  
E'en the dew is parched up  
From the tassel's jointed cup:  
O poor birds! where must ye fly,  
Now your water-pots are dry?  
If ye stay upon the heath,  
Ye'll be choak'd and clam'd to death:  
Therefore leave the shadeless goss,  
Seek the spring-head lin'd with moss:  
There your little feet may stand,  
Safely printing on the sand:  
While, in full possession, where  
Purling eddies ripple clear,  
You with ease and plenty blest  
Sip the coolest and the best.  
Then away! and wet your throats:  
Cheer me with your warbling notes:  
'Twill hot noon the more revive;  
While I wander to contrive  
For myself a place as good  
In the middle of a wood:  
There aside some mossy bank,  
Where the grass in bunches rank  
Lifts its down on spindles high,  
Shall be where I'll choose to lie;  
Fearless of the things that creep,  
There I'll think, and there I'll sleep;  
Caring not to stir at all,  
Till the dew begins to fall.

Clare was an uneducated and unstudied writer, but his feeling for landscape was as genuine as it was picturesque. His pictures are frequently too crowded, a defect certainly, but one we have not the heart to find fault with, his details are so fresh and so like the careless ordering of nature. To complete our diurnal circle of rural poems,

"From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,  
A summer's day,"

we still need a night-piece, and fortunately we have not far to look for one, Henry Kirke White having painted for us just what we are in search of. Here it is:

#### DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S EVE.

Down the sultry arc of day  
The burning wheels have urged their way;  
And eve along the western skies  
Sheds her intermingling dyes.  
Down the deep, the miry lane,  
Creaking comes the empty wain,  
And driver on the shaft-horse sits  
Whistling now and then by fits:  
And oft, with his accustomed call  
Urging on the sluggish Ball.  
The barn is still, the master's gone,  
And thresher puts his jacket on,  
While Dick, upon the ladder tail,  
Nails the dead kile to the wall.  
Here comes shepherd Jack at last,  
He has penn'd the sheepcote fast,  
For 'twas but two nights before,  
A lamb was eaten on the moor:  
His empty wallet Rover carries,  
Nor for Jack, when near home, carries.  
With lolling tongue he runs to try  
If the horse-trough be not dry.  
The milk is settled in the pans,  
And supper messes in the cans;  
In the hovel carts are wheel'd,  
And both the colts are drove a-field;  
The horses all are bedded up,  
And the ewe is with the tup.  
The snare for Mr. Fox is set,  
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,  
And Bess has slink'd away to talk  
With Roger in the holly walk.  
Now, on the settle all, but Bess,  
Are set to eat their supper mess;  
And little Tom and roguish Kate  
Are swinging on the meadow gate.  
Now they chat of various things,  
Of taxes, ministers, and kings,  
Or else tell all the village news,  
How madam did the squire refuse,  
How parson on his tithes was bent,  
And landlord oft distraint'd for rent.  
Thus do they talk, till in the sky  
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high,  
And from the ale-house drunken Ned  
Had reel'd—then hasten all to bed.  
The mistress sees that lazy Kate  
The happing coal on kitchen grate  
Has laid—while master goes throughout,  
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out,  
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,  
And naught from thieves or fire to fear;  
Then both to bed together creep,  
And join the general troop of sleep.

And so ends our summer day with the poets.

The toast which the poet Campbell is said to have drunk at a literary celebration in London, viz., "To the health of Bonaparte," because he shot a bookseller, could hardly have been proposed, even by him, irascible as he was, and possibly in his cups at the time, had the majority of booksellers been like the Chambers Brothers, of Edinburgh. Directed against such men it would not only have had no point, but would have been resented as a slander to be at once atoned for. The position of a publisher, rightly considered, is one of the most honorable in the world, for to whom is the world more indebted for the means of instruction and enjoyment, mental, moral, and physical? He is the medium, and the only one, whereby we can be placed *en rapport* with the greatest minds of all time—poets, dramatists, novelists, the unconsecrated lay-preachers of the world. He is, to a considerable extent, responsible for the character and excellence of the works which he publishes—not so much, of course, as their writers, except in the matter of public morals, but much more than he is often willing to admit. The publisher who knowingly issues an inferior book is a disgrace to his profession, and should leave it for a more congenial pursuit, say, the decocting and selling of quack medicines, which, hurtful as they usually are to the bodies of the fools who buy and take them, are less so than bad or indifferent books to the minds of the people. The Chambers Brothers have always recognized this law of literary ethics, and we honor them for it. From the beginning of their career as writers and publishers—

a period of some thirty odd years—they have done their best to supply their countrymen with good books, and they have succeeded beyond any house in the kingdom, with the sole exception, perhaps, of Mr. Henry G. Bohn, whose various "Libraries" are a monument of which he may well be proud. Their object was not a lofty one, typographically speaking, not such as inspired Pickering and the Whittinghams, and other publishers of small editions of rare books, but it was one which was highly honorable in the Chambers Brothers as men, and sagacious in them as publishers. It was to popularize great subjects—to so handle them as to attract the mass of readers. The idea was not a new one, the history of the trade in the last seventy-five or one hundred years being full of such undertakings; but it was never so well carried out before—never so conscientiously planned, nor so happily executed. The reading public of America do not need to be told what the Chambers Brothers have done—the books they have written themselves, and the books they have had written for them as publishers, or "compiled," as the phrase was in the last century. The literary reader is acquainted with their "Cyclopædia of English Literature," the general reader with their "Miscellany," "Tracts," and "Information for the People." These works, and in fact all they have ever published, are well done. They have had the tact to select subjects of universal interest, and the good fortune to draw about them the right men to illustrate these subjects—not mere literary hacks, which the trade as a body is too fond of employing, on account of their cheapness we suppose, but good writers, students of special departments of literature, who know how to make their knowledge useful and popular. All their publications are a proof of this, and none more so than "The Book of Days," which has just been reprinted in two large volumes by Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. It is not easy in a notice like this to say what "The Book of Days" really is, but it may be briefly described as a comprehensive history of all the days in the year. This history consists of—1. Matters connected with the Church Calendar, including the Popular Festivals, Saints' Days, and other Holidays, with illustrations of Christian Antiquities in general; 2. Phenomena connected with the Seasonal Changes; 3. Folk-Lore of the United Kingdom, namely, Popular Notions and Observances connected with Times and Seasons; 4. Notable Events, Biographies, and Anecdotes connected with the Days of the Year; 5. Articles of Popular Archeology, of an entertaining character, tending to illustrate the progress of Civilization, Manners, Literature, and Ideas in these kingdoms; 6. Curious, Fugitive, and Inedited Pieces. This summary, with which the preface opens, shows what may be looked for in "The Book of Days." To give some idea of its contents, let us turn to the present month, July, with which the second volume commences. First we have an ideal representation of the month itself, based on the personification of Spenser in "The Fairy Queen," a strong, half-clothed man, riding a lion at full speed, grasping a scythe in his left hand, and pointing with his right to the ground. Then a couple of pages of description, giving us the chief characteristics of the season, and ending with the facsimile of an antique gem, representing the Dog-Star, which the Romans erroneously supposed to rule July. Then we come to the first day, which was the birthday of Bishop Hall, 1574, Louis Joseph, Duc de Vendôme, 1654, Jean Baptiste, Comte de Rochambeau, 1725, and Adam Viscount Duncan, 1731; and the day whereon the Admirable Crichton was assassinated, and Isaac Casaubon and other notables died. The mention of the latter, who came to England with Sir Henry Wotton in 1610, is the occasion of a

paragraph concerning him, which is illustrated with a facsimile of the initials of Izaak Walton, which are supposed to have been scratched by that honest old angler on Casaubon's tomb in 1658. This is followed by two and a half pages about Holy Wells, *apropos* to a visit which John Taylor, the water poet, paid, in 1652, to St. Winifred's Well, at Holywell, in Flintshire. Then we have an account of the Battle of the Boyne, at which Frederick, Duke Schomberg, was killed, with a facsimile of a medal struck in commemoration of the battle; then "The Misadventures of a Statue," the statue being that of William of Orange; an anecdote of the Chevalier de la Barre, a young man who was burned at Abbeville for mutilating a statue of Christ; and, lastly, a description, with a cut, of the first steamer on the Thames. This *resumé* of the illustrations of the first day of July may give some idea of the extent and variety of "The Book of Days," which, as a whole, we take to be the most entertaining publication ever issued by the Chambers Brothers—their *magnum opus*, which will be read long after they and their generation are dust.

#### ●FOREIGN.

THE *Saturday Review* delivers itself in this fashion concerning Mr. Edward L. Clark's "Daleth, or, the Homestead of the Nations," an illustrated volume of Egyptian travel, published last season by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

"Daleth" then, after all, is nothing but another book about Egypt, by an American traveler, certainly very prettily illustrated and got up; but there our praises must end. The matter is such as might have been expected from the absurdity of the title. Mr. Clark writes throughout in an excited sort of style, though, as far as mere style goes, we have certainly seen wilder specimens. But we know very few books where blunders lie thicker on the ground. Mr. Clark prudently avoids giving references; but his text is crowded with names, quotations, and allusions, and, as a general rule, every name, quotation, or allusion is made the occasion for a blunder. It is hard to throw oneself into the position of such a writer as Mr. Clark. The position of the real scholar and that of the mere sight-seer are both of them simple and intelligible. But Mr. Clark belongs to neither class. He must have read a good deal—at least he must have turned over a good many books—to have got together the necessary raw material for his blunders. Such a process implies some desire of knowledge, some trouble laid out in the vain attempt to acquire it, and even something approaching to the nature of thought. How is it that all this brings forth so little result? The philosophy of blundering is really a very curious subject, and might well deserve an essay to itself.

"One thing, however, is plain in the particular case of Mr. Clark. It is evident that all his Egyptian lore was got up for the nonce. Books, authors, princes, are all spoken of in that particular way in which they are spoken of only by those who have just made their acquaintance. We are half inclined to envy Mr. Clark when he shows that some familiar story has still for him all the charms of novelty; still he need hardly have written a book merely to set forth his own gushing feelings. Because things are new to him, he is eager to show off his knowledge of them; but, alas, the sort of knowledge acquired by getting up one's Greek and Latin on purpose for an Egyptian pilgrimage can really come to nothing except such displays as we find in the pages of 'Daleth.'"

The following persons have just been placed on the Civil List for the past year: Lady Inglis, £500; as an acknowledgment of the brilliant services of the late Sir J. Inglis during the Indian mutiny, especially the gallant defense of the Residence at Lucknow—services to which may partly be attributed his early death. Eliza Cook, £100; in consideration of her literary labors, both in poetry and prose, and her failing health. Rev. C. B. Gibson, £100; as author of many literary works, and for the high testimony borne as to their value. Mrs. Sheridan Knowles, £100; in consideration of the talents of her late husband, Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, as a

dramatic author. Mr. Kenny Meadows, £80; in acknowledgment of his merits as an artist, more especially evinced by his illustrations of Shakespeare. Miss Dinah Mulock, £60; authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "A Life for a Life," and other well-known works of fiction. Mr. W. Allingham, £60; on account of the literary merits of his poetical works. Mrs. Austin, £60; in consideration of the services of her late husband, a civil engineer, who died whilst engaged in the public service, and who had devoted himself to the sanitary improvement of poor dwellings. Mrs. Leaf, £50; as the widow of Mr. J. Leaf, who, though of humble origin, was a contributor of articles of great merit to various journals. Jean Williamson Thomson, £30, sister of Hugh Miller, on account of his literary merit.

The Germans claim that they understand Shakespeare much better than the English, which the latter deny, and with reason, if the *littérateur* mentioned below is a fair sample of his guild to-day in the land of Goethe and Schiller. "On the occasion of the Tercentenary," says the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, "Fr. Gerstäcker observed, in the *Cologne Gazette*, that it was a great mistake to fancy Othello as a Moor. he having only been a North African or a (Spanish) *Mauve*. Upon this it was answered that there was certainly no doubt of Shakespeare's having taken him as a black Moor: witness the many places in the piece itself which allude to his color. Now, however, a contemporary has the following *à propos* of this question: 'The general of the Republic of Venice, whom Shakespeare took as his hero, was neither a Moor nor a *Mauve*, but was simply called by name Giovanni Moro (Latin, *Maurus*), and appears in the historical documents, which the poet used for his work, in the usual manner of Italian family names, with the article "Il Moro di Venezia," from which the ignorant Englishman drew the conclusion that he was a blackamoor. The family Moro is of genuine Venetian descent, and very old. There exists a portrait of the Venetian general Johannes Moro, engraved, after a painting by Giorgione, by L. Borsterun, in which Moro is represented as a powerful, bald-headed man, with a full beard and expressive handsome features.' Upon which we have only this to observe, that the 'ignorant Englishman'—i. e., Shakespeare—did not ground his drama upon Venetian historical or legal documents, but on an Italian novel of Giraldi Cinthio, in which novel Othello indeed figures as a Moor. The supposed ignorance does not therefore lie with the dramatist. This Italian source is named by Collier, A. Schmidt, and Gervinus."

The following prices were realized at the recent sale of M. Libri's magnificent collection of illuminated manuscripts and works of medieval and renaissance art: Lot 16, a knight's shield of the latter part of the fifteenth century, engraved and covered with gilt and silvered ornaments, sold for £12; lot 17, reliquary of St. Thomas à Becket, adorned with cloisonné enamels of the twelfth century, for £29; lot 18, a silver Venetian dressing-case of the sixteenth century, for £40; lot 19, an inkstand, in gilt metal and lapis lazuli, of the Medici family (probably of Cosmo I.), for £84; lot 21, a carved ivory hunting-horn, made for Henry III. of France, for £20 10s.; lot 22, ivory hunting-horn, made for Christian V., King of Denmark, for 18 guineas; a set of chess-men of carved ivory, Italian workmanship of the sixteenth century, for 46 guineas; lot 53, a Latin Breviary, in Byzantine metal binding, of the fourteenth century, for £32; lot 54, a monkish Quodlibet, Legenda S. Marie Virginis, etc., in early Byzantine figured metallic binding, with enamels, gems, and precious stones set into the binding, for £45; lot 55, Officia Sororum Ordinis S. Augustini, MS. on vellum of the fifteenth century, in Byzantine binding, for £25 10s.;



lot 57, Psalterium Davidis, etc., in gilt metal Byzantine binding, with cloisonné enamels of the twelfth century, for 70 guineas; lot 58, Justinus, Sallustius, et Florus, a manuscript on vellum, bound in very rich Byzantine metal cases, with carved ivory plaque and precious stones, Limoges enamels, and crystals let into the binding, for £60; lot 59, an account of the funeral rites and ceremonies observed at the interment of Anne of Brittany, in French, MS. on vellum, richly illuminated, the miniatures, considered authentic portraits, by Montfaucon, for £90; lot 66, a "Bible Historie," the historical books of the Old Testament paraphrased in French, a superb MS. on vellum of the thirteenth century, with miniature illuminations, for £75; lot 70, an unpublished French version of the Gospels of all the Sundays and Fast-days in the year, in verse, a very curious and interesting linguistic manuscript of the twelfth century, for £60; lot 84, the romance of the "Histoire de Troye," the "Tale of Troy," a manuscript of the fifteenth century, for £41; lot 114, Abbot Smaragdus, the friend of Charlemagne, on the rules of St. Benedict, a Latin cotemporary MS. in visi-gothic letters, for £46; and lot 146, the gem of the sale, Corpus Juris Canonici, a manuscript on vellum of the fourteenth century, with numerous miniatures by Giotto and his school, for £130. The 146 lots sold for £1,658 5s. 6d.

## PERSONAL.

MR. JOHN CLANCY, the editor of the *Leader*, died at his residence in this city, on the morning of July 1, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. The cause of his death was brain fever, which followed a sun-stroke by which he was prostrated at Lake Mahopac in the latter part of June. Mr. Clancy was a representative man in the democratic party; in 1855 and 1856 he was a member of the Board of Councilmen, and in 1857 was chosen to represent his constituents in the Board of Aldermen, of which he was elected president. In 1859 he was elected County Clerk. He was also a member of the Tammany Society, who took charge of his obsequies.

MR. N. P. WILLIS is said to be suffering from partial paralysis of the organs of speech.

The author of "Adam Bede" and "Romola" will have a story of country life in the July number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

MR. VANDORY, an enterprising Hungarian traveler, lately appeared at the Royal Geographical Society, and gave an account of his journeys. Preparing himself by ten years' study of Persian, he assumed the disguise of a dervish, and penetrated into the heart of Central Asia, visiting Samarcand, Bokhara, Balkh, Herat, the course of the Oxus, etc., and succeeded in returning safely to Europe, bringing with him the journals of his travels and many interesting adventures among the wild Turkomans, which will be published by Mr. Murray during the next season.

MR. JOHN WYKHAM ARCHER died lately at his London residence in the fifty-eighth year of his age. A member of the New Society of Painters in Water Colors, Mr. Archer was known in the literary world by his antiquarian writings, entitled "Vestiges of Old London," and his "Recreations of Mr. Zizgah the Elder," a series of papers published in *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine*. He commenced his artistic study as a pupil of John Scott, the engraver of animals.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY is about to have a memorial erected to his honor in the town of his birth, Penzance. Two ladies have offered one thousand pounds for this purpose, and steps are being taken to collect by subscription about nine thousand more, which will be required to carry out the object in view, viz., almshouses and a statue.

MR. RENAN'S "Vie de Saint Paul," so far from being nearly ready for publication as previous announcements have led us to suppose, exists as yet scarcely in outline, and not a single page of the MS. is in the hands of the printer. M. Renan was lately deprived of his functions as Professor of the College of France by the Minister of Public Instruction, and there is some talk of filling his chair by the appointment of M. Munk, a Jewish gentleman, who is said to be learned in Hebrew, Chaldean, and Syriac. The decree nominating M. Renan Assistant Curator of the Imperial Library has also been canceled; in the meantime, however, the sale of his "Vie de Jésus" continues, the twelfth edition being advertised in the Paris journals.

PIERANGELO FIORENTINO DELLA RONEVE, the well-known Paris musical critic and feuilletonist, who died lately, is

said to have left the sum of six hundred thousand francs, a stupendous art-collection, and a number of valuable and compromising autographs, which will probably see the light, to the disgust of the musical and dramatic world of Paris, over whom he ruled with a rod of iron. He was a pushing man, was Florentino, gaining all his fame and wealth in about thirty years, beginning, too, without shoes and stockings! His corpse, by his express desire, was embalmed and interred at Naples.

FREDERICK VON RAUMER, the veteran historian, has lately published a pamphlet entitled "Schwarz, Strauss, Renan," in which he lays down his own ideas, as a non-theologian, and a liberal respecting the present movements in the religious world, and gives a *résumé* of the contents of Schwarz's "Zur Geschichte der neuesten Theologie," and the two "Lives of Jesus" by Strauss and Renan.

MR. WILLIAM WRIGHT, of the Manuscript Department, British Museum, is about to edit for the German Oriental Society that vast repository of Eastern lore, "The Kamil of El-Mubarrad," from the manuscripts of Leyden, St. Petersburg, Cambridge, and Berlin. El-Mubarrad was one of the chiefs of the grammatical school of Basra during the latter half of the ninth century, and the Kamil is a wonderful collection of treasures—like the gatherings of Athenæus, Aulus Gellius, and Macrobius, in the classical literatures. Mr. Wright has prepared an edition of this work from the MSS. of Leyden, St. Petersburg, Cambridge, and Berlin.

The Scottish academic world has recently lost one of its ornaments by the death of Professor FERRIER, of St. Andrews, whose life, literary and otherwise, is thus summed up in a late number of the *Reader*: James F. Ferrier, LL.D., Oxon, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews, N.B., son of John Ferrier, Writer to the Signet, and Margaret Wilson, sister of "Christopher North," was born at Edinburgh in 1808. His grandfather was colleague to Sir Walter Scott as Clerk of the Court of Session; and his aunt was Miss Ferrier, author of the novels "Marriage," "Destiny," etc., which, for a time, divided the attention of the world with those of the author of "Waverley." He received his early education at the Manse of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, from Dr. Henry Duncan, the originator of savings banks, and author of "The Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons," and then at Greenwich, under Dr. Barneby. He commenced his university career at Edinburgh, and was there brought under the powerful influence of his uncle, Professor Wilson, then holding the chair which had been held by Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown, and "wielding at will" the spirits of his students. In the Rhetoric class, too, he proved his talents by a prize-poem, of which great things were spoken at the time. From Edinburgh he passed to Magdalen College, Oxford, where, in 1832, he graduated B.A. In the same year he was called to the Scottish bar. He never cared much for eminence in that profession, but devoted himself with assiduity to literary pursuits. He became one of the brilliant writers on the staff of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and furnished some of its finest papers in many departments of literature. In a sojourn on the Continent he became conversant with the philosophy of Germany and France, and enamored with the studies which were presented to an active mind by the characteristic speculations of these countries. Of his more memorable papers in *Blackwood*, we may note, as especially worthy of perusal by metaphysical readers, a series on "The Philosophy of Consciousness," articles on "Mill's Logic," "Berkeleyanism," Reid's "Theory of Perception," and a critique on Bailey's "Theory of Vision." He also passed in review the chief works of Goethe and Scheller—in consideration of which Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton dedicated his translations from the German to him. He also exposed, in an able but sarcastic paper, the extensive and almost wholesale use made by Coleridge of the writings of Schelling. In 1842 he was chosen by the Faculty of Advocates Professor of Universal History in the University, in immediate succession to George Skene, who had obtained the office on the transfer of Sir William Hamilton to the Chair of Logic. Shortly afterward he married his cousin, the daughter of Professor John Wilson. In 1845 the Senatus Academicus of St. Andrews appointed him Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy, in succession to George Cook, D.D., who had followed Dr. Chalmers in that office. Here he labored with zeal, eloquence, and learning, in impressing the taste for philosophizing on his students and in exciting their interest in the history of thought. On the resignation of his father-in-law, in 1852, Professor Ferrier became a candidate for the vacant Moral Philosophy chair in Edinburgh. The appointment then lay in the hands of the members of the Town Council; and they preferred another. This rejection put him on his mettle, and he produced in 1854 his singularly acute, resolute, and original work entitled "Institutes of Metaphysics: the Theory of Knowing and Being." Two years afterward the death of Sir William Hamilton left a vacancy in the Logic Chair of Edinburgh University, and Professor Ferrier became a candidate. The contest was very fierce. A goodly number of able men were candidates; but the heat of the competition lay between Ferrier and the present holder of the chair, Professor Fraser, who obtained the majority of votes. The keenness with which

that contest was carried on—political and ecclesiastical feeling to a considerable extent mingling with it—is still remembered. Ferrier's attack upon his antagonists, and his defense of himself after his failure, in his pamphlet entitled "Scottish Philosophy, the Old and the New," though exceedingly able, were injudicious. They showed too much of the wounded spirit. In 1859 the Senatus of St. Andrews elected him Assessor. He was also Dean of the Faculty of Arts. In 1862 he was chosen Examiner in Logic by the Council of the London University. His courses of lectures at St. Andrews were singularly well arranged and exhaustive. He had but recently added to his former prelections a "History of Philosophical Opinions" of great interest. With much of the gaiety of Professor Wilson, he combined a great deal of the philosophic learning of Sir William Hamilton. He died, after a severe though not long illness, on the 11th of June.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. announce "A Political History of the Rebellion," by the Hon. Edward McPherson, Clerk of the House of Representatives of the United States; and a new novel entitled "Naomi Forrester, the history of a Woman."

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. will shortly publish the oration delivered by General McClellan at the Battle Monument celebration at West Point, with a full account of the proceedings on that occasion.

Mr. G. W. Carleton has in the press "Maurice Dering," by the author of "Guy Livingston."

Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co. will soon publish "The Tailor Boy," a Biography of the Hon. Andy Johnson, by W. M. Thayer, author of "The Pioneer Boy."

Messrs. Ashmead & Evans announce "Winfried, the Lawyer's Son, and How he Became a Major-General," a Life of General Hancock, by Major Penniman, author of "The Tanner Boy."

The Rev. L. H. Mordacque has translated M. Salverte's "History of the Names of Men, Nations, and Places."

Lady Charlotte Maria Pepys has recently published a volume entitled "Thoughts of Home; or, Counsel and Consolation for Expatriated Invalids."

Mr. Mathew Arnold, the poet, gives an account of a visit lately made by him to the French College at Toulouse, in a volume called "A French Eton; or, Middle-class Education and the State."

Mr. G. Atkinson is announced as the author of a volume in the press, entitled "Papinian, a Dialogue on State Affairs between a Constitutional Lawyer and a Country Gentleman."

Mr. J. B. Robertson will soon publish "Lectures on Modern History and Biography, delivered at the Catholic University of Ireland."

Mr. Henry Hall has a new novel nearly ready, entitled "More Secrets than One."

Mr. J. A. St. John has a new novel in the press, called "Weighed in the Balance."

Mr. Ralph Nicholson Wornum, Keeper and Secretary of the National Academy, will shortly publish "The Epochs of Painting: a Biographical and Critical Essay on Painting and Painters of all Times and many Places."

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth will at once publish in book form his serial novel, "John Law, the Projector."

Mr. E. T. Kebbel, of the Inner Temple, has in the press a volume of "Essays upon History and Politics."

The Rev. D. W. King will soon publish "The Gnostics and their Remains."

Mr. Wilkie Collins will commence a serial story in the new volume of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

Mr. Charles Dickens's "Great Expectations" has been translated into French by M. Charles B. Desogre.

Miss Yonge's new story, "The Trial; more Links in the Daisy Chain," is announced among the Tauchnitz reprints.

Mr. Mark Lemon's novel, "Wait for the End," has been translated into German, and published at Leipzig.

Dr. Wordsworth's "Three Letters on the Present State of Italy," which are contained in his tour in Italy, and which have been published in a separate form in Italian and French, have been inserted in the "Index Librorum Prohibitorum" at Rome.

Mr. Lawrence's last novel, "Maurice Dering," is included in the Tauchnitz collection of British authors.

M. T. Colani's "Jésus-Christ et les Croisades Messianiques de son Temps" has reached a second edition. He has lately published a work entitled "Examen de la Vie de Jésus de M. Renan."

M. Comélie de Witt has recently published "La Société Française et la Société Anglaise au XVIIIe Siècle—Études Historiques."

Dr. Graesse's "Guide de l'Amateur de Porcelaines et de Poteries," containing a most complete collection of marks and monograms connected with pottery and porcelain, has just been published at Dresden.

M. L. Ulbach has recently written an introduction to a collection of all the political works and addresses of M. Lamartine, which is understood to be in the press.

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## THE ROUND TABLE.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

## EXIT CONGRESS.

CONGRESS has adjourned—we wish we could say dissolved. Its adjournment was the best celebration of Fourth of July that we have heard of. The country breathes more freely now that these congressmen have gone home and have no chance to show their weakness as a collective body for the next five months. Of course many of the members will take the stump for this or that presidential candidate, but that is harmless. So long as they are not in the Capitol, it is of little moment what they are about. It may be urged with some show of fairness that it is wrong to arraign these men for their lack of brains, a matter for which they are not responsible, and that the people are to blame for electing them to such an important place. Granted that the people are to blame (and they certainly are), granted that this Congress is deficient in ability, we arraign it for not making proper use of what ability it did possess. Among all its members you can hardly point out a single one who deserves the name of statesman, and but precious few whom you can honestly call patriots.

But look at each house more closely. Who and what are the men who compose the Senate of these United States of America? Is there one who could be called the peer of the men who sat in the Senate chamber in the better days of the Republic? The two ablest members are without doubt William Pitt Fessenden and Reverdy Johnson. How much the country owes them for their efforts to guide aright the legislation of Congress it may never know; but amid such a preponderance of partisanship, fanaticism, and stupidity, they could accomplish but little. All honor to them for trying to ward off some of the disgrace which their associates have brought upon the entire body.

Of the House of Representatives the less that is said the better for its members. Making all due allowance for the fact that so many of them were unfamiliar with the process of legislation, there is no excuse for the folly which has characterized the past session. The lack of manliness, of independence, of ability—nay, of the most com-

mon kind of common-sense evinced from the time that the House met in December to the time that it adjourned in July, is pitiable. Interference on the part of the Executive and of members of the Cabinet, such as would not have been tolerated for an instant in other days, has been welcomed when it should have been spurned. Bills have been rejected one day only to be passed the next, and perhaps repealed after that. Financial measures were allowed to drag along day after day when the Government needed money to pay the soldiers and all its other creditors. The press, representing the people, call with one voice for taxation, and the House talked about whisky and General Blair. In the face of the protest of the shrewdest financiers in the country, it passed the gold bill, and the mischief thus caused forced the repeal of the measure. It refused to repeal the commutation clause and then nullified its action by passing a bill in which commutation was abolished. In fact, this House of Representatives never knew one day what it would do on the next. It was more variable than a weather-cock, simply because it had not enough strength to withstand the gentlest zephyr.

As for the parties composing the House, neither has any cause for congratulation. The republicans under the leadership of Thaddeus Stevens were intolerant of opposition, quite as much so as they claim that the democrats used to be to them when the democratic party was in the ascendant. On the other hand the opposition has been captious to the last degree, and having no leader has accomplished just nothing. Had it been united and controlled by as competent a man as Thaddeus Stevens, it would have been a very effective minority, whereas it has hardly carried a single point during the whole session. Had the leadership been awarded to Mr. Kernan or Mr. Ganson or Mr. Pruyn (all gentlemen of ability and integrity), the case might have been otherwise. The session has fully justified the words we used in December, that the opposition in Congress was "without organization, without wise leadership, and, more fatal than all, without community of feeling upon any one topic."

It is no pleasure to write thus. Just at a time when the country needs the counsel of its best men and the best efforts of all its citizens to extricate it from the perils with which it is surrounded, it is a sad task to utter such words of the highest legislative body in the land. There is reason to be thankful that Congress has done no worse, and there is reason to hope that next fall the people will elect a better set of representatives than that which has just been let loose from the Capitol to return again in December.

## THE NAVAL FIGHT.

THE announcement of the naval contest between the Alabama and the Kearsarge will have reached our readers before they see this. The lesson it teaches is not new to naval men. The superior aim of the Yankee resulted in the destruction of the rebel. The size of the ship is nothing. The Kearsarge is one of our third rates, a few tons heavier than vessels classed with our tug boats. Had she been a second rate there would be very little man-

euvering, and Semmes knew the fact as well as any one. Our first rates would hardly consider such an enemy with a bow gun. Until Jeff. Davis and his European friends procure foemen more worthy of our steel, they need not expect to see our Antietams and Ammonoosucs. The Alabama was 1,060 tons register, the Kearsarge 1,030, the pirate being in fact thirty tons more measurement than the victor. The guns in this case are next to nothing. Had Semmes struck the Kearsarge with his 100-lb. rifle where Winslow hit the Alabama, the owner of the Deerhound would go upon Englishmen's shoulders, as Tom Sayers went, and Semmes would glorify the genius from which plunder draws its life. But the Alabama had the heaviest battery, carrying eleven guns to the eight of the Kearsarge. Of these the latter had only one heavy piece, an 11-inch, while the pirate had a 100-lb. rifle, alone more than match for it, and a 68-pounder in the bargain. The United States corvette Constellation was deemed by the English the most formidable sloop in the world, yet she carried nothing heavier than a 68-pounder. England shook the frame of a whole continent with the *éclat* of her 84's, and Semmes could not sink a Yankee gunboat with a 100-lb. rifle. But comparisons are odious.

It seems the French authorities ordered the pirate out of port, urged to the deed by the importunity of Mr. Dayton. Importunity is a good thing when well used, and in this instance we have a fair illustration of the fact. Perchance before many months a Mexican privateer would come into New York, and then his Imperial Majesty may be able to feel how well it was for French commerce that Mr. Dayton did not plead in vain.

## SENSIBLE SUMMERING.

THE great tide of summer travel has now fairly begun its flow. "After the Fourth" is always the signal for a general movement on every hand, and this year the response is quite as hearty as usual. But, unlike most years, the current the present season inclines away from the more noisy and unsatisfactory sea-shore resorts toward the lake-side and mountains. To be sure there is no apparent falling off at Saratoga, but otherwise the resorts that have been most popular in preceding years do not seem to be so much in demand as more quiet and homelike places. While it may be too early to predict with certainty for the entire season, yet we shall be greatly disappointed if it does not prove that the people have at last chosen a much more sensible way of passing the season of rest and pleasure.

Early in the spring there was an unusual demand for houses and cottages in the country, and very many who have heretofore spent their time at Newport, Long Branch, and fashionable places along the New England coast, hired for the season a pleasant home in some quiet village. All the available places in the vicinity of New York were speedily taken. A great many who are called to the city daily for business, went up into Connecticut. Very many sought the mountain air and beauty of the Connecticut Valley. The hotels at Bellows Falls and Manchester, Vermont, were not so popular as private houses. In some instances country people have come to the city to live in



exchange for the rental of their house to city pleasure-seekers. The Bostonians also sought out private houses all along between Portland, Maine, and Gorham, New Hampshire. In fact, so far as we can learn, there has been an unusual tendency toward this sort of quiet summer life. It is a healthy sign and every way sensible. We only hope that it will continue so through the season.

Whatever may be said of the social pleasures of the large and fashionable resorts, it is certainly true that of late they have lost their character in great degree for quiet and pleasant refinement. Too many of the coarse and vulgar flock thither to make them every way pleasant. Especially have they become unsatisfactory to parents who wish their children to receive real benefit from the summer's respite. They see a great deal that is unnatural, and hear a great deal that is injurious. Aside from the bathing there is no good whatever. But above all there is a national reason for the desertion of such artificial and soulless places for the healthier and purer home among the mountains. How can a true friend of the country, of the soldier and the sailor who are suffering for its defense, mingle in the little less than orgies that are of daily occurrence at these resorts? The very thought of such carousals at a time when sorrow is interweaving with all our life, when pain and anxiety are abroad all over the land, is enough to deter any thoughtful person from contact with them.

But it is well to seek some quiet home up among the hills, or by the lake or river side, and there gain relief for a time from the great burden that weighs down the nation. There are health, strength, and purity in the air. There is better friendship in the social relations. There is nothing of the artificial, and not a breath brings aught of deceit or danger. It is the life that the city dweller needs. The strained nerves cannot always bear the raspings of dissipation. It is particularly the life that Americans need, compelled as they are to contend with constant excitement. It is for all the most sensible way of enjoying the summer of heat and the months of national sorrow.

#### THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

THE retirement of Salmon P. Chase from the position of Secretary of the Treasury, and the appointment of William Pitt Fessenden in his place, naturally evoke some comment upon the past management of our finances, and suggest some remarks as to what should be the policy of the new secretary. It is the fashion just now to abuse the ex-minister, but we are inclined to believe that criticism of that stamp is as unjust to-day as was the praise which was lavished upon him in the height of his apparent prosperity. Our readers will bear us witness that the *ROUND TABLE* has not shrunk from exposing what it deemed to be fallacies in Mr. Chase's system of finance, which, from the start, was a mere makeshift. At the opening of the war Mr. Chase believed that the struggle would be short, and hence instead of taxing vigorously, so as to lay broad and deep the foundations of national credit, he resorted to paper money, despite the warnings of history against the evil effects of such currency. England adopted the true principle in the wars with Napoleon when it taxed heavily and raised by loans what it could not

obtain by taxation. Mr. Chase, however, went on the principle of borrowing as much as possible. Yet no one will deny but that the ex-Secretary is a man of large ideas, and fertile in financial expedients. The great variety of bonds, notes, and currency which he suggested to Congress showed great ingenuity and some sagacity. His scheme for a national banking institution evinced breadth of view, and if carried out in the spirit of its original design will be a benefit to the country, as furnishing a currency that is at par in every state, besides adding to the stability of the Government by making every holder of these bank-notes financially interested in its maintenance. Among the vital defects of the scheme were the attempt to kill the local banking institutions at once, and the intimate relations between the national banks and the Treasury Department.

The appointment of Mr. Fessenden is exceedingly creditable to the Senate; we will not say to President Lincoln, because his choice was a western politician who had had no training that fitted him for the responsible duties of this position. There are few official acts of Mr. Lincoln so open to stern public condemnation as his proposal to put an ordinary politician in a position of such extraordinary responsibility as attaches to the head of the Treasury Department at this juncture. Mr. Fessenden, his political opponents will admit, is a man of strict integrity, the best debater in the United States Senate, and possessed of the highest abilities as a legislative officer. As chairman of the finance committee he has sustained Mr. Chase's policy, and it is noticeable that on receiving his appointment to the Cabinet he did not ask Congress to remain in session long enough to indorse some scheme of his own. By the legislation of the past session of Congress he will be forced to follow in Mr. Chase's footsteps, and hence the same responsibility will not attach to him as if he had had control of the Treasury Department for the last six months and obtained the adoption of measures of his own suggesting.

Mr. Fessenden has done two things which are steps in the right direction, viz., he procured the repeal of the mischievous gold bill and succeeded in getting a heavy tax on incomes to pay for the bounties for the next draft. We presume that he will be compelled to issue more currency, or perhaps six per cent. interest bearing bonds which will act as currency. This may increase the premium on gold, but it will relieve the unnatural tightness of the money market caused by Mr. Chase asking for a loan at a time when the great wool movement was withdrawing such vast sums from the great banking centers. As the United States is destined to be a constant borrower for some time to come, it is for its interest to have a cheap money market, and if the issue of more currency be essential, more must be issued. It is to be hoped that the new secretary will publish, for the information of commercial classes, monthly or semi-monthly statements of the condition of the public treasury—the debt, the bonds out, the different kinds of bonds, the treasury notes and currency in whatever form they are issued. Nothing aroused so much suspicion concerning Mr. Chase as his refusal to make these statements; it laid him open to the charge

that he allowed certain friends of his to be informed of financial secrets, by virtue of which they could operate to their own advantage, but to the great detriment of the country.

There are other points connected with this subject to which we may refer at a future time. Our present object, however, is simply to extend a cordial welcome to the new Secretary of the Treasury, and, for the sake of the nation as well as his own, wish him the success which his antecedents lead us to expect he will attain.

PERSONS curious about new reform enterprises are beginning to ask as to the fate of the "Woman's Anti-Importation Movement." It was announced with such a flourish of trumpets, such an apparent purpose to accomplish some great thing, that the present quiet upon the subject is all the more noticeable. Was that pretty display at Cooper Institute all in vain, and were those gallant speeches of none effect? Was that long list of names to become meaningless? And where are the resolutions and the patriotic black bees? Would the latter have been more acceptable if some magic wand had metamorphosed them into the golden grasshoppers that Athenian women were wont to wear in emblem of their classic nativity? We look in vain up and down Broadway for the mystical token. We do not see them in the windows of the jewelers. What does it all mean? Couldn't the thing be carried through, or did the ladies conclude upon the more sensible plan of a wise and general economy not alone of dress, but in all their living?

NEWSPAPER publishers throughout the country are very generally advancing their price to keep pace in some degree with the great advance of paper. This is especially noticeable in the Western cities, where many papers have increased their subscription rates to twelve dollars a year. In the smaller towns weekly local papers are giving up entirely. In Boston a weekly paper that began a few months since with bright prospects has announced that it must stop under the pressure of high prices. In our own city there has been a general movement for increasing the price of the dailies, and it would have been consummated before this but for the unwillingness of a single journal. The weekly papers have in many instances already advanced their rates. Printing paper is enormously high, so that only a few papers can sustain the burden at their old prices.

THE National Anniversary was celebrated less generally this year than perhaps any year since the gaining of our liberties. We did think that somewhere in the country some orator would be inspired to utter words which would echo through the land, but we can hear of nothing of the kind. Is there no theme for eloquence in face of the long files of dead soldiery that have been sacrificed for a nation's honor? Are the hospitals, running over with the relics and reminders of a country's worth, without the power of inspiration? Have we no heroes living or dead whose memory should call forth burning words? Have men lost their faith in truth and heroism and greatness; or is there no eloquence left, that such occasions pass by and leave no mark?

## ART.

## PICTURES IN NEW YORK.

THE National Academy is closed, the last of the many collections of pictures offered during the past season at public sale has been disposed of, the artists have nearly all departed for summer study among the green and pleasant places of the land, and the stranger of taste, wishing to inspect the art-treasures of the metropolis, would find little that is readily accessible outside of the establishments of the print-dealers or frame-manufacturers. Fortunately, however, for those who do not care to be deprived, even for a short time, of the pleasure of looking at a good picture or a piece of statuary, there are always opportunities for this enjoyment, on a somewhat more limited scale certainly than during the "season," but which, we are not surprised to see, are duly appreciated by the intelligent few. If the reader would know the relief which the jaded mind can experience from the creations of art, let him stop some afternoon at Schaus's or Goupil's, and spend a few minutes among the pictures exhibited for sale in their galleries. The grateful stillness of the place, the varied effects of color, the atmosphere peculiar to a picture-gallery, and which seems, so to speak, to distill from the pictures themselves, and the contrast presented to everything probably that the mind has been dwelling upon for many hours previous, will prove inexpressibly soothing. There may be scarcely two or three pictures among the many that cover the walls which will satisfy your taste, but at such times one is not inclined to be over-fastidious, and slight efforts go far toward subduing the spirit of criticism struggling within you, and which under the circumstances might speak out boldly and sharply. You have, perhaps, been exercised during the day by questions of taxes or tariffs, the price of gold or exchange has worried you, money is "tight," political or war news has been discussed *ad nauseam* in your hearing; but here you forget these uncomfortable subjects while contemplating a bit of *genre* painting, or lose yourself in a pleasant landscape, until meadow or brook, spreading trees, shading pleasant hamlets, and distant blue hills rise boldly before you. These impressions, if you have but a spark of imagination within you, will not be transient; they will go home with you and form an excellent corrective to the harassments of the morning, and though a trip to Newport or Saratoga or the White Mountains may not fall to your lot during the summer, you will have the satisfaction of knowing where a sort of *rus in urbe* can be readily enjoyed and at a cheap rate.

## GOUPIL'S GALLERY.

Goupil's gallery seldom fails to present a good collection of pictures by foreign artists, together with a few by native painters, and, as additions are constantly making to it, an occasional visit will be sure to repay one having a taste for art. The most prominent work now exposed there is Charles L. Muller's "Secret Interrogatory of Marie Antoinette," by the Special Criminal Tribunal of the Republic, one of the most noteworthy pictures recently exhibited in this city. The scene is a dilapidated room in the Conciergerie of Paris, selected apparently for that reason as a fitting place of confinement for the queen. The accessories are simple enough—a bed in one corner, a chair, on which lies a book of devotions, and a rough deal table; but the chief interest is concentrated on the persons of the queen and her questioners. The latter form a group by themselves on the right of the picture, near the door of the apartment, and the artist has given their individual traits with no little force. Fabricius, the Secretary of the Tribunal, who propounds the interrogatories, has his back to the spectator, and but a small part of his face is seen in profile; but of Hermann, the president, and Coffinhal and Collier, commissioners, we have characteristic likenesses. The first, a monster of cruelty, who ended a bloody career by the guillotine, has rather an intellectual face in the picture, and with a keen, attorney-like expression, weighs every word that falls from the lips of his victim. Coffinhal, not less infamous than his associate, is infinitely more brutal and repulsive in appearance, and with his swaggering air seems a coarse ruffian of the type of Danton; while Collier, leaning against the door-way on the extreme right of the group, wears an admirable expression of rapt attention. On the left of the picture a *gend'arme*, as unwashed and stolid a brute as ever wore the tricolored cockade, lools indolently against the table; and in the center, a little removed from the foreground, Marie Antoinette confronts her enemies with a calm dignity which awes them in spite of themselves. Arrayed in a simple white dress, which falls in straight folds to the ground, with no trace of the old regal splendor about her person, she forms an admirable offset to the other figures, and the eye is irresistibly attracted to her as the object of chief interest in the picture. The face is quiet, to a superficial view almost void of expression; but, looking more closely, you will see that this calmness is forced, and her eyelids have a faint red appearance, as of one who has recently been weeping. The other faces have each their characteristic expression, but on this the hidden emotions are so subtly and naturally portrayed that it lends an indescribable tenderness to the whole scene.

The story is simply and pathetically told, and the picture, if less elaborate in details than the "Last Roll Call" by the same artist, which attracted so many spectators at the Metropolitan Fair, has on the other hand none of that overstrained action which was a notable defect in the latter. The coloring is subdued and dingy, and seriously detracts from the merits of an otherwise excellent work.

Of the other pictures now in the gallery we can speak only briefly. A scene in a guard-house, with soldiers drinking, smoking, and at play, by Willems, is noticeable for broad handling and bright, warm coloring; an Italian woman caressing her child, by Bouguereau, is well designed and daintily painted, the expression of maternal tenderness being particularly well rendered; and a somewhat melodramatic scene, by C. M. Webb, which might be taken to represent Front-de-Bœuf, with two fellow-ruffians, despoiling Isaac of York of his treasures, is effectively colored, but mannered and conventional in the treatment. The doughty baron dragging forward the trembling Jew is made to look like a gallant leading his partner out to a minuet. There is also a characteristic picture by Carl Hübner, representing a stout young peasant, with his sweetheart on his arm, in the act of "asking papa." The latter sits smoking with an expression which is unfathomable, and which to an anxious applicant might appear ominous of refusal; but the lovers have a powerful advocate in the mother, who has evidently been saying a good word in their behalf, and awaits in smiling confidence her husband's consent. A younger sister also whispers some words of encouragement to the anxious couple. The humor of the picture is excellent, and the actors in the little drama are genuine peasants studied from the life. A simple bit of landscape by Pope, subdued in tone and rather sketchily painted, is noticeable for pleasing atmospheric effects. The subject, a cloudy day in summer, is one not much affected by artists, but presents, nevertheless, an interesting aspect of nature, and as such is worthy of study. There is also a landscape by Casilear, pleasant to look at on a sultry day, and an elaborate river scene, with cattle, by Prof. Gude. Couture's "Italian Peasant" at his devotions and Hübner's "God Save the Union" are also in the collection, but have been described on previous occasions. We have mentioned, it will be seen, but a few pictures, but the reader can pass a pleasant half-hour in examining many others worthy of notice, to which we have not the space to make particular allusion.

## SCHAUS'S GALLERY.

Crossing Broadway, we enter Schaus's gallery, which, like Goupil's, comprises chiefly works by modern German, Belgian, and French artists, with here and there one by an American. Here are several Hübners, including a cottage interior with a family of peasants at their Sunday devotions, one of the most highly finished pictures by this artist in the country. The face of the father, who is half sitting, half reclining upon the table, while he listens to the passages from the Scriptures read by his young son, is admirably conceived. Labor and suffering and penury have laid their ineffaceable stamp upon it, but through the care-worn lines beams an expression of reverence and resignation which is reflected in the features of the whole group. A less effective picture by the same artist is a lover's quarrel, which, we regret to say, affords no hope of speedy reconciliation. His "Convalescent Grandmother" is another highly finished work of a type somewhat overdone by *genre* painters. There is also a sweet little picture of two children amusing themselves with a mirror, by Paul Sayer, in the style made so popular by Frère; one by C. E. Boettcher, representing a lively group of children dragging along a dilapidated cart on which sits a little one, steadied by its mother's hand, and in a high state of delight; and one of Verboeckhoven's inevitable sheep pieces. Noticeable among American works are two pictures of dogs by G. B. Butler, a young artist of promise. Though hastily and somewhat coarsely executed, they are wonderfully true to life and indicate ability of no mean order in animal painting. In the department of landscape the visitor will be struck by a charming little picture by James M. Hart, who certainly excels in small pieces; and a river scene by J. W. Hill, Pre-Raphaelite in feeling and execution, and abounding in faithful studies of foliage and grasses which will doubtless prove acceptable to the brotherhood. We think we have afforded a hint of what both galleries can present at this late period of the season to art-lovers. Let such now visit them and judge for themselves.

## THE HARTFORD COLLECTION OF PICTURES.

It is a noticeable sign of the appreciation and progress of art in this country when such a collection as that of Mr. James G. Batterson, of Hartford, is exposed in a provincial city of this well-timbered land. The juxtaposition of the works of some of the best ancient masters, and those of the most worthy of the modern foreign schools, with the productions of our own painters, must not only be an inspiration and corrective to American brushes, but of great service in the education of the popular taste. We have in this gallery specimens of art that the student twenty years ago would have felt paid by a tour of European collections to examine. Here are some one hundred and fifty paint-

ings, of unequal merit and interest, but all of a certain representative and historical value. We doubt if there has been any collection of foreign pictures exhibited in this country which better claims attention, either for richness, variety, or the fame of the names attached to them, while we regard it as unmatched in *genre* and cabinet pieces. Of such a number it is not possible, now, to write in detail; we can only give an idea of the contents of the gallery.

We are aware that one treads boggy ground who speaks of paintings by the old masters brought to America, so flooded are the markets with cheating imitations and well-vouched-for "originals." Yet, if there is any truth in man or woman in art-matters—and we must assume the postulate—some of these paintings are accompanied by proofs of authenticity which it is much easier to accept than to doubt. Here, for example, is a "Holy Family" by Andrea del Sarto (in those days one such tailor made a man), the face of the Virgin so sweet and pure that all the world would acknowledge its genuineness, which has been for a long time in the Menchetti family, of Rome, and is certified to by the concurrent testimony of the highest authority in Europe, namely, the councilors and directors of the three art-academies in Rome—that of St. Luke, the French Academy, and the Academy of the Fine Arts. The same is true of Guido's "Cupid," a group of "Turkish Soldiers," by Salvator Rosa, powerful in drawing and color; an "Italian Shepherd" of the same master, a bold, striking study; a specimen of the pencil of Bartolomeo Schidoni (born 1560, at Modena); and a score more of the old Italian school. This school is more fully represented than any other in the collection, and we can do little more than name names; the paintings are costly, but of their intrinsic value artists must judge. The light by which they were painted was dimmer than ours; and we believe in progress in art. It is not the habit of Americans to be frightened by names.

The manner of Claude (properly of the French school) is very well represented, and something of his excellence in landscape is shown in a study, for a large picture, which he painted on the panel of a window-shutter in his atelier in Rome, Ermenia writing the name of Tancredi on the bark of a tree. The specimen of Tassi is "Christ's Journey to Emmaus," and a ruin, wonderful rocks; of Spagnoletto, a head of St. Paul; of Simonini, a very spirited cavalry fight; of Pannini, the "Roman Forum and Arch of Titus," a rare specimen of naturalness in color; of Cignani (a pupil of Correggio), a pastoral scene (by comparison of catalogues, we find that Cignani was not represented at the great and apparently exhaustive art-exposition in Manchester in 1857); of Spardarini, two fruit pieces, from the gallery of Cardinal Fesch; of Venusti (pupil of Michael Angelo), the "Scourging of Christ," of Gaspar Poussin, the "Fountain of Galloro," very interesting for the locality, connected as it is, they say, with Horace's "Iter Brundisium;" of Carlo Delle, by a fine head of Christ; of Sassaferrato, by a head of the Virgin; of Carravaggio, by the very expressive "Fortune-Teller;" and there is evidence here of the toil and aspiration of others scarcely less noted two and three centuries ago.

Among French artists the most rare are two specimens of Watteau, certified to by Ernest Arnold, a couple of heads, chiefly valuable to give some idea of his coloring; a farm-yard sketch by Couturier; and two marine views by Lacroix. Nicholas Poussin has a landscape with figures, a valuable bit.

The specimens of the Dutch school perhaps attract most attention. "St. Peter in Prison," by Gerard Dow, is, we believe, the only work of this painstaking artist in this country, except one in the gallery of Mr. Aspinwall. "Dead Game," by Hondecoeter, is of great merit in point of truthfulness to form and color; and a game piece by Wesinx is wonderful in its execution. There are two landscapes by the great Jacob Ruysdael; a pair of cabinet gems by Egbert Hemskerk, the elder, "gems" so called, pictures of "bummers," which one may expect to like if he goes to the bad in the next world (Egbert H. is down in the catalogue, born 1610; there is a Martin Hemskerk, who is represented by several pictures, religious subjects, in Munich, and there was one by him in the Manchester exposition); "Hunter and Dogs," by Adrian Van de Velde, and a marine by William of the same name, celebrated for his sea pictures; an excellent "Jan Steen," full of humor, transparent in color; a head by Adrian Brouwer; and one of Conrad Decker's landscapes, with an old house charmingly painted; and an uncommonly fine moonlight by Arnold Van der Neer. Albert Cuyp is represented by some fowls, of which we cannot speak too warmly, they are nature itself, and the whole picture is exquisitely soft. Perhaps the finest *genre* picture in the collection is the "Card Players" of H. F. C. Tenkate, most spirited drawing and splendid color. Jan Kobell has three finely finished cattle pieces, one of them (S) in the catalogue) being admirable in repose and drawing. Nor must we pass by specimens of Netscher, Moucheron, and Molenaar (all represented at Manchester). But the eye-schooled to love modern landscapes will linger long and return often to two cabinet pictures of Koek Koek, "Summer" and "Winter," which it is thought, to speak after the manner of "shoddy," would bring five thousand dollars under the hammer. There is a warmth about the



"Winter" that is unequalled by any similar picture we call to mind. They are full of beauty and thought, though artists might say they lack tenderness in execution.

Of course there are several by Verboeckhoven, in the Belgian school. There is just now a reaction against this artist, but a cabinet interior, with sheep, lambs, and chickens, we regard as not only the most valuable of his works (cabinet size) in this country, but a marvel of feeling and truth. There are also two good candle-lights by Van Schendel; three sheep pieces of Edmond Tschaggeny, the figures excellent; horses by his brother Charles, of much merit; three Toussaints, most touching bits of homely life; and flowers, fruit, and game by David de Notre, of rare delicacy and faithfulness.

The best water pictures are by Achenbach; there are four, and the "Norway Waterfall" and the "Shipwreck," in the quality of the water, life, and power of handling, are first-rate specimens of this master.

From the Van Cleef collection at Utrecht is an "Omme-gaek," a landscape with sheep, tender and practical in color, a fine picture; though one must remark as an animal fact, that sheep never stand in or walk through water. David Teniers, the younger, can be studied by two genre pieces, landscapes with figures, wonderful in perspective and transparency of color, which latter no doubt age and recent cleaning much assist.

The most pleasing English painting is by Dearman, a glorious summer morning, the light unmistakably of England. And the only native picture is Bierstadt's "Mount Lander," which does not suffer, either in composition or harmony of coloring, by comparison with any here. A landscape with sheep, of De Hass, is sketchy, but very superior, full of tender feeling and sentiment. "Preparing for the Bath," by Meyer von Bremen, is charming in its management, and tells its story without words. A delicate transparent bit of coloring is a flower piece by Vandaël, once in the possession of the Empress Josephine. A landscape, "After a Storm," by the late prolific Swiss artist Calame, is very powerful and wild. And we must note three excellent things by Verschuer, all capitally painted and charged with life. Let us also set down specimens of Isabey, Calabressi, Carracci, Louis Myer.

From this hasty sketch it will be apparent that there is something here worth seeing, and that any criticism is impossible within our limits. We only desire to call attention to a notable gallery.

#### PHILADELPHIA ART NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, July 2, 1864.

At last our city is quiet; the excitements of the winter and spring are fairly over, the exhibitions and the Sanitary Fair are closed, and the world is going out of town. The Art Gallery at Logan square remains open for a few days more, but it does not attract the same crowds that thronged it during the continuance of the fair. The sale of pictures, which was postponed on account of the non-arrival of some important foreign works, is advertised for Tuesday evening next, July 5. I am a little afraid it has been put off too long; if the pictures had been put up for sale during the excitement of the Exhibition, when money was so plentifully poured out, the amount realized would have been large; but people have grown a little tired of spending their money so extensively, or are setting it apart for the voracious publicans of Long Branch and Cape May, whither many of the picture buyers have already departed. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, I trust the sale will do well; among many bad, there are also many good works contributed which should bring the Commission a fair profit. The private sales at the gallery have averaged, I understand, nearly a thousand dollars daily, and the receipts from tickets and catalogues must have been large; but of all this we will learn when the committee makes its report. The two albums, or collections of sketches, one from New York and one from Philadelphia, are still open to subscription, having each, I believe, some three hundred subscribers, and happy he whose five dollars brings him an entire little gallery. The Cushman album also has done well, netting some fifteen hundred dollars to the fund; it remains at Robinson's gallery, Chestnut st., together with an album of photographs of the contributing artists.

The Academy Exhibition, though of shorter duration, was peculiarly, I believe, as successful as usual; the proceeds of the last week were given to the Sanitary Commission, but, as the Logan-square Exhibition was open at the same time, I scarcely imagine they were very large. The galleries are now reopened for the permanent exhibition.

The studios partake of the general quiet; few are as yet deserted, but they all have the appearance of approaching emptiness. The only departure I have heard of this week is that of Furness, who has gone to Massachusetts, where he spent the greater part of the last year. The time he has been with us this spring has been well employed, and he has left at least one portrait worthy of his name: a half-length of a lady, painted, together with great truthfulness to nature, with that delicacy and refine-

ment of manner and feeling which we generally see or feel in Mr. Furness's works.

I mentioned in a previous letter the exhibition, for the Fair fund, of a private gallery upon Rittenhouse square, at the residence of Mr. Joseph Harrison. This exhibition, which is closed to the public after to-day, deserves more than a passing notice. The rooms themselves, in the first place, are very beautiful, and among the pictures are many of importance. The most prominent work in the gallery in size, if not in merit, is Wittkamp's "King Lear." There is a great deal of power in this picture, and the execution is less crude than usual with Wittkamp; but I do not profess to be an admirer of his, and indeed I think the fashion for his works which prevailed here for some time after the "Siege of Leyden" was placed in the Academy has pretty nearly died away. Those who have seen Mr. Forrest in Lear can form a very good idea of the conception of this work. In the same room hangs Rothermel's picture of the same subject, of the same size, and very similar in composition. I noticed these for the prominent place they held in Mr. Harrison's collection; the next picture would be noticed anywhere: it is the "Parting of Lord and Lady William Russell," by Charles Lucy—a work pretty well known through the engraving and the many photographic copies from it. The picture is full of feeling, of sorrowful emotion; the calm and mournful dignity of the condemned man, and the bitter but suppressed grief of his wife, whose hand he silently presses, I think I have seldom seen excelled. It is a picture which one cannot look at carelessly, but which appeals at once to our sympathies. Another English picture here is Leighton's scene from "Romeo and Juliet." This is the work exhibited by Leighton at the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and, though it cannot be called a great picture, shows that boldness of conception and force of manner which have since given to its painter so high a position in his own country. There are many pictures in this collection I should like to notice at length, if I could but know where to stop: two fine German landscapes by Rotman and Lindlar, Gryer's "Columbus," a pretty cattle picture after the manner of Troyon by Von Thoren; and among the Americans—I should perhaps have put them first—a fine and very characteristic landscape by Gifford, sunset from Mansfield Mountain; a landscape with cattle, by Lewis, one of the very best of his works I have ever seen; a very good specimen of Weber, next to a poor one of Richards; a "Mother and Child" by Page, and others. An interesting pair of portraits hangs over one of the arches, that of Rembrandt Peale by Sully, and of Sully by Peale; both painted in 1839, but a short time before the death of Mr. Peale.

In the small room upon the South are several foreign works, the property of Mr. R. S. Sturgis, of Walnut st. Among these are a beautiful coast scene by A. Achenbach, a fine Calame, and what is undoubtedly the finest picture of its kind in the city and probably in the country, Knaus's "Golden Wedding." Those who have seen this remarkable work need no reminder of its merits; to those who have not, its beautiful composition and wonderful delineation of character can scarcely be described. It seems a pity that such pictures should be shut up in private galleries.

But we have lingered here long enough; a look at the marbles and bronzes, at Bartholomew's "Eve" and at Mozier's "Pocahontas," though how the Indian princess is to be recognized in such strange garb and so lugubrious an expression I cannot tell, and passing through the conservatory and garden we reach again the heated street and leave the realms of the esthetic.

#### NEW LIKENESS OF WASHINGTON.

At the studio of Mr. J. W. Dodge, No. 713 Broadway, may be seen a carefully executed India-ink drawing of a head of Washington, the distinguishing feature of which is that it is copied from the plaster cast by Houdon, the French sculptor, who, in the opinion of many persons competent to judge, made the only authentic likeness of Washington. The original cast of the face by Houdon is preserved at Mount Vernon, and it was from a cast in the possession of Mr. C. L. Elliott, taken from this, that Mr. Dodge made his copy. Many years of practice in copying from casts or from marble busts have enabled him to obtain in the present instance an unmistakable likeness, as any one can perceive who has seen the original statue. The hair he has taken from Stuart's portrait, and the velvet dress and fine cambric frill are painted from life. The work has been admirably photographed by G. K. Ackerman, of this city, and presents a portrait which, if compound in character, is suggestive of every great quality which Washington possessed, and represents him also in the vigor of manhood and intellect. Copies can be procured at the studio of Mr. Dodge. This gentleman, an associate of the National Academy, and once well known in New York, has within the last two years returned from a long residence in Tennessee, whence he was expelled by the rebels, who made away with all his property. His likenesses of Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson testify to his merits as an artist and a correct delineator of features and character.

#### DRAMA.

##### THEATRICAL BENEFITS EXPOSED.

THE compiler of an accurate theatrical almanac for this latitude and longitude would place opposite the first two weeks of June this phrase: "Regular benefits are now in season;" and opposite the last two weeks this phrase: "About this time look out for complimentary benefits." Then, at the first of July, the legitimate managers close their theaters or sublet them to itinerant "stars" and other strolling players.

There is a distinction, it will be observed, between regular and complimentary benefits. Regular benefits are those agreed upon between a manager and his actors as part of the actors' salary, and are stipulated in the engagement, whether it be verbal or written. Complimentary benefits are extra performances, with which managers usually have nothing to do, given by actors to themselves or to each other. Benevolent benefits, the proceeds of which are devoted to charitable societies, poor widows, and the like, form a distinct class, are not strictly theatrical, and do not, therefore, come within the province of this article.

A regular theatrical benefit is a mild sort of swindle upon the public and upon the actors. The manager engages to pay the actor so many dollars a week and a benefit. The benefit is described as "half clear," "one-third clear," "half after expenses," and so on, as the case may be, the words "half," "third," etc., expressing what share the actor is to receive. Stars only get "clear" benefits, and few of them get more than "one-third clear." The ordinary run of actors are content with half the receipts of the house after deducting all the expenses. It is not unusual for stars to announce their benefits when they do not receive a single cent more of the money taken in on that night than on any other night of their season.

This brief explanation will enable the reader to understand the regular benefit swindle. The public go to the theater on the benefit night of John Jones, whom we will suppose to be a favorite actor in a stock company. We will assume that the night is clear and the house crowded. The receipts will then be about \$900. Of this sum the manager pockets \$400 for expenses and \$950 for his half of the profits. Then John Jones pockets the other \$250 for his benefit. We call this a mild swindle upon the public, because they innocently suppose that Mr. Jones gets all the money, and take some pains to be present on that account. Instead of this Jones only gets a modicum of the receipts, and the manager, for whom the deluded public care nothing, is benefited to an equal amount.

But here it will probably be remarked that, after all, Jones is not so very badly off, since \$250 is quite a nice little sum to receive for one night's work. This is precisely the mistake which managers love to foster. Mr. Jones does not receive \$250 for one night's work; it is part of his pay for a whole season's work. Instead of giving him so many dollars a week more salary, the manager cuts down the salary and gives him a benefit. Perhaps the benefit night is rainy, and then Jones realizes nothing. Under ordinary circumstances he realizes very little. Sometimes he makes a great hit, but very seldom. But by the terms of the contract the manager always has his expenses paid first, and so he loses nothing. Indeed, he gains all the surplus salary which he would have been obliged to pay during the season had not the benefit been agreed upon. In general, the profits which managers make out of benefit nights exceed the average profits of the other nights of the season.

What would be said if any other business were to adopt this benefit idea? Imagine one of the leading dailies announcing that "The proceeds of the sales of this paper to-day will be for the benefit of Mr. Smith, night editor." Imagine our merchants accepting the idea and advertising, "Great sales of dry goods this day only, for the benefit of Mr. Snooks, head clerk." This would be absurd, and people would laugh it down. They would frown it down, in fact, if they understood that the papers or the merchants had reduced the salaries of their employes on the ground that these benefit sales would make up the deficiency. But this unbusinesslike custom would be no more absurd in a newspaper office than it is in Wallack's Theater. It really is only a time-honored device to delude the public into paying an actor the money which the manager ought to pay; and the sooner it is discontinued, with all its eleemosynary accompaniments, the sooner will theatrical management be regarded as a regular, legitimate business, instead of a mere speculation.

Complimentary benefits are even still more absurd. They are usually arranged between actors who have hosts of friends; and you will notice that the same actors may be seen at almost all of them. It is the mutual-admiration style of things: "You play for my benefit and I'll play for yours." To get up a complimentary benefit nothing is required but plenty of impudence and some credit with the printers. The impudence is necessary to start the affair; the credit to secure the posters and advertisements. A few actors meet and arrange these preliminaries. Then the advertisements appear and the tickets are printed. Every friend of those concerned is, of course, found to

take tickets, the number being in proportion to his intimacy. Every bar-room frequented by actors becomes a ticket-office. The critics are appealed to and liberally treated, if accessible to that kind of influence. As critics always write kindly notices of benefits and never go to criticise them, there is not much difficulty upon that point. The night at length arrives. The plays hastily rehearsed, are as hastily rattled off. The beneficiary delivers a speech written for him by some friend. There are unlimited carousals behind the scenes, and the profits, if any, are divided among the originators of the scheme.

This general description will apply, with slight variations, to all benefits of this class. The musicians of our theaters seldom volunteer for anybody or anything. An actor who has received more benefits than almost any one else in the profession informs us that never have the musicians honored him with a testimonial except upon one occasion, and then he had practically doubled their yearly receipts. Sometimes gifts are presented to the beneficiary at these complimentary benefits. It may be accepted as a rule, with few exceptions, that these presentations are never genuine. Either the beneficiary buys the gift himself, or it is loaned for the occasion. A gentleman of this city has a magnificent gold watch, of extraordinary size, which has done duty at many a benefit. "This watch," he says, "has been presented to nearly a hundred actors, and only one of them, a confounded Irishman, had the impudence to attempt to keep it." A celebrated young American couple, as the show-bills say, used to exhibit a case full of silver, purchased by themselves and presented to them at their farewell benefit in every town they visited. Actresses do often receive *bona fide* presents at their benefits; but as this is a very delicate branch of the subject we will not venture to elucidate it.

Of regular benefits it may be remarked that, if successful, they are like mercy, which "blesses him who gives and him who takes." But, if unsuccessful, they only damage him who takes, while he who gives has all his expenses paid. Complimentary benefits, on the contrary, benefit nobody; for actors who depend upon such enterprises are commonly bad artists, and "good fellows" only in the worst sense of that term. Besides this, the performances at complimentary benefits are invariably bad. Often the actors are more or less intoxicated, and ordinarily they do not know their parts. The reason of this is that the respectable actors will not consent to appear at such performances, and the critics, in conformity with established usage, stay away just when their presence and their sharpest pens are needed. The critics defend themselves by stating that the actors play for nothing; but they forget that the audience always have to pay. The consequence is that the public are entrapped into encouraging disreputable actors in nine cases out of ten, and into witnessing an inferior performance in almost every case. We are glad to notice that the complimentary benefits have been very slimly attended this summer, and this leads us to hope that the system will soon fall completely. Still, theatrical reforms move slowly, and theatrical evils have the prestige of precedent to sustain them. We are certain, however, that the abolition of all benefits would be a great benefit to the profession.

## MUSIC.

A SEASON of English opera has been undertaken at Mrs. Wood's Olympic by the company which first appeared under Mr. Harrison at the Park Theater, Brooklyn, including Madame Borchard as prima donna, Miss Myers as contralto, Mr. Castle as tenor, and Mr. Campbell as basso. The initial performance was on the evening of the Fourth of July, the opera being Wallace's "Maritana." The chorus and orchestra are improved, but the warm weather militates against the success of the enterprise. Anthony Rieff replaces Theodore Thomas as conductor.

This troupe includes, with the exception of Mrs. Kempton (who has gone to California to sing with Caroline Richings, the entire cast with which Mr. Fry's "Leonora" was produced at Philadelphia; and the production of the work at the Olympic would be a managerial stroke of signal shrewdness; for it would at once give the theater a musical reputation, paving the way for other endeavors in the musical line. Besides this, there is no reason to doubt that even in hot weather the new American opera would attract large audiences—larger than the hackneyed "Bohemian Girl" or even the graceful "Maritana."

Nothing definite has as yet transpired in relation to the prospects of the Italian opera next season; but there is no doubt that Maretzek will offer something to the public well worth hearing. A great card for the season would be "Mirella" (the Italian version of Gounod's "Mireille"), which is soon to be produced at Her Majesty's Theater, London, under the personal superintendence of the composer. "Faust" has already made Gounod's name so very popular here that another work of his would receive from an American public a most brilliant welcome. Besides this, the new opera is said to be more rich in melody than "Faust" itself. Verdi's "Forza del Destino" has been frequently talked of lately as the best novelty for operatic managers; but the indifferent success the opera has met

with in the few Continental cities where it has been given, as well as a glance at the score, would indicate that it does not possess those salient points of attraction which have popularized *Trovatore*, *Ernani*, or the *Ballo in Maschera*.

### A VEXED QUESTION.

Since leaving this country Adelina Patti has admirably maintained her position as one of the leading prima donnas—perhaps the most popular—of Europe. Maurice Strakosch, her brother-in-law and business agent, when in Spain lately received from the Queen a knightly order, in recognition of his services as the instructor of this highly accomplished girl. But this has called forth a protest from Ettore Barilli, who claims to be the original teacher of Miss Patti and entitled to the credit reflected by her talents upon her instructor.

When a family is as numerous as that of the Barillis, it is very difficult to recall with exactitude and without a confusion of identity the individual antecedents of any one member. But, if we remember aright, Ettore Barilli is an excellent baritone singer. He was the original *Rigoletto* when Verdi's opera was first produced at the New York Academy of Music by Ole Bull some seven or eight years ago, and now this Ettore Barilli claims to be chief instructor of Adelina Patti.

This claim he sets forth in a manuscript, in which he begins by declaring that he does not wish the affair laid before the world from any desire to speak of himself, but simply "to undeceive the public." He then acknowledges Miss Patti's natural gifts and genius, but adds that even with these no one can gather true laurels without "the direction of a prudent and learned instructor." "When, in the year 1856," adds Ettore, giving with most delicious naïveté a glimpse of family jars in the most musically harmonious of domestic groups,—"when I arrived from Europe, I acceded to her repeated entreaties and to those of our common mother, Mrs. Caterina-Barilli-Patti, and took charge of her instruction, although the relations between the issue of the first marriage of Mrs. Caterina-Barilli-Patti and that of the second were not very friendly." For two years did Ettore devote two hours a day to teaching Adelina preliminary lessons and *solfeggi*. Occasionally, too, she received tuition from "Maestro Mariano Mancocchi." Ettore then went to Mexico, and on his return again took charge of his half-sister's musical education. "Such was her continued progress," he writes, "that she was soon able to appear in this city in the operas which I had taught her, namely, 'Lucia,' 'Sonnambula,' 'Barbiere,' 'Linda,' and 'Rigoletto.'" Her parents and M. Strakosch were now sure that she would attain the height of perfection, and did not therefore neglect anything to attain their purpose. They were sure also that my zealous instruction would have completed her success, and I was begged again to continue it and to accept at the same time the part of first baritone. I assented to their proposition, although greatly to my disadvantage." And Ettore farther states that moneys are yet owing to him both for services as baritone and for teaching his celebrated pupil. We give the remainder of the protest in the highly original English of its author:

"So great was her success that her parents and M. Strakosch (who as everybody knows is related to the family, by his marriage with her sister Amalia) decided to take her to the principal cities of Europe. Miss Adelina appeared in London, where the press rendered her the justice she fully deserved. M. Strakosch, who as a distinguished pianist has rendered himself useful and necessary to Miss Adelina's family, seeing the splendid reception she had received in London, thought he would profit by the occasion to aggrandize his name, and with impunity and falsely he announced himself as Miss Adelina's instructor; and as such he acquired so much influence as to obtain in Spain the Cross of the order of Charles the 3d. As her real teacher I feel it therefore my duty to confute publicly this enormous falsehood, and to protest against all assertions of M. Strakosch in regard to this matter. From the very first appearance of Miss Adelina Patti in this city, I could have announced myself as her teacher, to my great advantage, but declined doing so, because I did not wish to make use of her name for my own private interest. This I hope will suffice to undeceive the public. Should M. Strakosch insist on saying that he was the teacher of Miss Adelina Patti, I inform him that enough real proofs exist to destroy all his false assertions. For the present I content myself with asking, Where did M. Strakosch learn the art of singing?—since, at his first appearance in Padua in the opera 'Huguenots' he was not only coldly received, but merited by his ridiculous performance the public indignation. ETTORE BARILLI."

To such of the musical public as may be interested in the matter we now leave this pretty little family quarrel.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### BOSTON.

Boston, July, 1864.

Tax organized depositories of historical and antiquarian knowledge with us have been for some years two rival bodies. The older and better established association is the "Massachusetts Historical Society," dating back into the last century, with a restricted number of associates, and a long row of octaves, containing much valuable matter, as the result of its work. If you run down the list of its members you will find many names of note, and a fair proportion of such as have done good service in looking up and elucidating our early local history. In the same list, however, you will find every third or fourth

name a mere interloper. He may be a distinguished poet, a well-known orator, of assured position in society, a clergyman of repute, the possessor of great wealth perhaps, but he occupies a chair in the building on Fremont street that of right belongs to some honest laborer in the field. It is this perversion of the intentions of the founders of this society that has made a membership an equivocal testimonial to historical attainments. A society which was formed to perpetuate an interest in our history, and intended to be composed of contributors in this department, by the force of social assimilation has become in large measure a mere gathering of notables, in literature perhaps, but without regard to this department, or, what is worse, with no other regard to desert than eminent respectability and social position. Thus constituted, the society is of course debarred much usefulness that might properly come of it on an appropriate basis. It is little recompense that it has the splendor of talents and variety of attainments to ornament the records of our necrology with addresses and eulogies that the world may admire whenever one of their number is taken. We are used to this kind of memorialization in Boston, and a society with all the machinery to give it direction is perhaps a convenience, but it is hardly a satisfaction to see an association, founded for specific purposes, appropriated to this end.

One of the results of the dissatisfaction that grew out of this condition of things was the founding of a rival society, nearly twenty years ago, which, giving more prominence to family history and essaying a larger field territorially, was established by the name of the "New England Historic-Genealogical Society." It went to the opposite extreme of offering membership without any test of capability or efficiency, and eagerly gathered to its fold every individual who was curious to know the name of his great-grandfather. The society accordingly became cumbersome; its efficiency bore no relation to its muster-roll; and while aiming to open new fields of research, it called into being much that was of doubtful value and of uncertain reliability. It fostered the aggregation of material without discrimination, and the investigator has been as much perplexed to reconcile its results as he was before to discover any. Yet it was not well to deny its usefulness. The volumes that have been published under its official patronage have now become numerous and contain much that would otherwise have passed away. The material is frequently of a kind that escapes the more general historian, yet of a value that any investigation is reliable to render assured like scraps of tradition, memoranda of family history, and memorials of personal recollection. Under the impulse which it has generated, there has sprung up a long list of local and town histories which have an established value, and of such promise that the time cannot be far distant when hardly a town shall be without its memorial. With spheres distinctly marked, it was unfortunate that the two independent societies could not work in harmony, if not in conjunction. The diversity of their composition has raised a feud which is creditable to neither, and the attempts on either hand to dwarf the labors of its rival have generated ill-feeling and its concomitant bad manners. A recent note of Mr. Drake's, in his just-published reprint of one of Mather's histories, has reopened an old sore. The reader may be reminded that a manuscript history of Plymouth Colony by its second governor, Bradford, was known to have been in Boston prior to the revolutionary outbreaks, and not having been subsequently seen, it was supposed lost, and not improbably among the papers which it was known the mob at the time of the Stamp Act destroyed, or the royal cavalry used for bedding in their stables. About ten years ago a similarity was observed to exist between some quotations in the Bishop of Oxford's account of Episcopacy in America and some extracts from Bradford's MS., which had been made by other authorities. The bishop professed to quote from a manuscript in the library at Lambeth, and the inference was made by some acquainted with the subject that this MS. must be the long-lost account of Bradford. A member of the younger society claims to have first started the inquiry, which a member of the older seized upon, and, using the credit of his society, obtained an examination of the suspected MS., which proved its identity, and through this instrumentality a copy was made, and its publication took place under the auspices of the Mass. Hist. Society. In the preface to a narrative of the method of its discovery was given, but all reference to the claims of Mr. Thornton was carefully concealed. The reticence was ungenerous under the circumstances, on whichever side the right lay. Mr. Drake, in the note referred to, throws back its discovery beyond the rival claimants, overwhelming friend and foe, and rather disingenuously. That the Bishop of Oxford had quoted it settled the question that it had been seen before the new claimant had dreamed of its discovery. Their merit consists in having recognized its value; in thinking it to be the veritable Bradford MS., so essential to an understanding of early colonial history, which the bishop does not seem to have understood. Farther than this no investigator, on the authority of the bishop's volume, could have gone, and it matters little by what means the manuscript was brought to his notice, as long as its character and value were not recognized. Mr. Drake's story, however, is interesting, if it does not decide



upon the question of the opposing claimants. He says he was told, while at the British Museum, by Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton (the same gentleman whose testimony has been given in the Shakespeare-Collier controversy), that he (Mr. H.) had been the first to bring it to light, while rummaging among some manuscripts at Lambeth Library, and that upon his recommendation the librarian had caused it to be repaired, and it was thus brought before the bishop, who extracted from it. This statement, moreover, is directly at variance with a passage which Mr. Deane, the editor of the MS. as published, says was contained in a note from the Bishop of Oxford to himself: "I discovered it for myself in searching for original documents for my history of the American Episcopal Church." Unless the prelate uses language rather loosely, there is a point at issue between him and Mr. Hamilton, provided both are quoted correctly.

In reference to its subsequent publication as a part of the Historical Society's collections, with an insinuation that had better given place to direct charge, Mr. Drake asks, "Why was it not put forth on its own merits?" and remarks that those who managed the affair may explain. I am sorry to see that the notes to this reprint are frequently disfigured with such implied censures. Mr. Drake has attained by long labor a too fixed position of prominence and honor in the department of antiquarian research to exchange it for notoriety by a disposition to cavil. The Massachusetts Historical Society have lost more than he by according membership, to his neglect, to many in no way as qualified for the honor as himself. With this exception the notes to the present volume, "A Relation of the First Troubles in New England by reason of the Indians there," are well done, and probably more thorough than any other hand could have made them; and in appearance the volume matches the handsome shape he gave two years ago to his reprint of the "Mather's History of King Philip's War."

## LONDON.

LONDON, June 15, 1864.

THE other day I had the pleasure of looking through the late Elizabeth Browning's collection of classic works—the Greek, Latin, Italian, and other works which she was in the constant habit of reading. They are covered with notes of the most valuable description, some of those upon the text of Euripides being particularly fine. Of course Mrs. Browning never had a translation of any kind. She was even accustomed to read the Bible daily in the original Hebrew. This Bible, indeed, it was particularly delightful to examine, with its copious MS. marginalia, in which critical scholarship and devoutness were so singularly blended. I could not help, looking at it, recalling the story (I believe it may be traced to Miss Mitford) that when the then Miss Barrett's father, both as a parent—a fact he rarely suffered her to forget—and a physician, forbade her Euripides-reading, she had the old Greek volume bound in the style of a Bible, so as not to let its continued presence at her bedside excite his suspicions, and so continued her studies. I fear, however, that I have too good reason to believe the story a myth. Looking over these books and reading many of his notes, I have been more than ever impressed by the woman's singular scholarship. She went into the very depths and by-ways of learning.

We have in London a very agreeable club called "The Pen and Pencil." Artists and literary gentlemen and ladies attend and furnish sketches or essays illustrating some word selected at a previous meeting. The last word was "Mirror." There was sent in a little poem professing to be "Writ by ye ghost of an Elizabethan poet at a spiritualist seance." It is as follows:

## VELUT IN SPECULO.

## LOVE'S MIRROR.

I see myself reflected in thine eyes—  
The dainty mirrors, set in golden frame  
Of eyelash, ripple with a sweet surprise  
And most ingenious shame.

Like Eve who hid her at the dread command  
Deep in the dewy blooms of Paradise.  
So thy shy soul, love calling, fears to stand  
Discovered at thy eyes.

Or like a tender little fawn that lies  
Asleep amid the fern, and waking, hears  
A careless footstep near and flies,  
Yet knows not what she fears;

So shrinks thy soul. But, dearest, shrink not so:  
Look thou into my eyes as I in thine;  
So our reflected souls shall meet and grow,  
And each with each combine

In something nobler. As when one has laid  
Opposite mirrors on a cottage wall,  
And lo! the never-ending colonnade,  
The vast palatial hall;

So our two souls, by one sweet suicide,  
Shall fade into an essence more sublime;  
Living through death and dying glorified  
Beyond the realm of Time.

—Whereon I would express my compliments to the London spirits as an American who has seen a good deal of that sort of thing, a Sir Charles Coldstream of spirit-tables, in the words, *O si sic omnia*.

By the way, allow me to say a word or two about the

true way to spell the name of "Shakspeare." The way in which I have just spelled it is one that is very attractive to those who like to spell the man's name as he himself spelled it. And undoubtedly the autographs are in favor of this spelling. John Sterling was perhaps the first to bring this method into some literary fashion in London. John Ruskin, I observe, so spells it. But there is a school vehemently opposed to this, and who insist that the only true spelling of a name in Shakespeare's time was to be obtained from the printed form of a name. To do or say a thing "in print" is a phrase used by Shakespeare and others of that period for exactitude. The printed form of the name in the "Folio" is "Shakspear." This, too, would consist with the elements of the word, and the coat of arms, a falcon brandishing a spear, which Shakespeare's father purchased. And yet, believing that "print" and "coats of arms" sometimes strain out of a thing what never was in it, I prefer to write the name as it was written casually in the early and unfamous days by those who owned it. Stratford-on-Avon is as violent for "Shakspear" as the Germans are for the hyphen between Schleswig and Holstein.

I looked carefully the other day through the first editions of "Paradise Lost" and of "Paradise Regained." It is noticeable in this first edition that Milton *always* spells with a capital initial letter the emphatic or key-word of a line or sentence—adjectives and verbs as well as nouns. Here is an instance:

"Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd  
Thir downie Brest: the Swan with Arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling proudly Rows  
Her state with Dacic feet."

I went to see Miss Bateman at the Adelphi on the occasion of her 210th and last appearance as Leah. The piece, the travesty of a German play called "Deborah," has been played in London by Ristori again and again, with not half the success of Miss Bateman; which is remarkable when we consider what an advantage with the fashionable opera-going world-Ristori had in speaking Italian instead of English. She (Miss B.) really is a capital actress, with a most sweet and touching enunciation; though two gentlemen who sat before me mutually observed that she "ad a peculiar laccant," which they supposed was "Hammerican." She had a most flattering alien from the audience and the press.

The theatrical world has rather invaded the literary during the past week. Mr. Henry Phillips, the veteran singer, and Mr. Lumley, a talented Bohemian and theatrical man at Her Majesty's for a quarter of a century, have both published their "Reminiscences." Lumley's are really capital and "juicy." The press have scarcely got hold of the book yet, but I must give you a few stories out of it:

GRISI AND THE TAMBUKINI ROW.—"Madame Grisi, at that time in the zenith of her beauty and her artistic fame, held in allegiance beneath her fair, soft scepter a whole string of young fashionables of the day, over whom she had acquired an extraordinary influence. At the time of the Duke of Devonshire's visit to the Continent, she was in the hands of a noble viscount, whose duel with her husband, M. de Meley, had furnished one of the notable scandals of the town, and whose partisanship in the battle about to be fought she scorned to deny. These, then, were the skirmishes, ready to aid the campaign of a commander who could direct the maneuvers, although unable to appear openly in the field. For this purpose no better 'Lieutenant' could be desired than the noble lady already referred to, and it was well known that the plan of attack was arranged in the House of Commons, of which he was at that time a member. Thus Madame Grisi, like another Helen, fired another Troy, by the hands of her allies, who, it is to be presumed, were proud of the rank they held in the encounter."

JENNY LIND'S DEBUT.—"The brilliant appearance of the house inside was increased by the presence of the Queen and Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the Duke of Kent, who had all come to witness the debut of Jenny Lind. On the entrance of the new prima donna as Alice, the welcome given to one who, though unknown, had already won renown, was unusually enthusiastic. For a few moments she appeared bewildered and 'scared,' but her self-possession returned. Her very first notes seemed to thrill the audience. The cadenza at the end of her opening air—the whole of which was listened to with a stillness quite singular—called down a hurricane of applause. From that moment her success was certain. The evening went on, and before it ended Jenny Lind was established as the favorite of the English opera public. Voice, style, execution, manner, acting—all delighted. The triumph was achieved. At the end of the performance, the queen, who during the entire evening, had repeatedly manifested her extreme satisfaction, expressed to me her admiration in a tone and manner that showed how deep an impression had been made on her. 'What a beautiful singer!' 'What an actress!' 'How charming!' 'How delightful!' Those were the exclamations that fell from the lips of her Majesty, whom I had never before seen thus moved to enthusiasm."

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN AND "ROBERT THE DEVIL."—"A few days after Mademoiselle Lind's first appearance at rehearsal I received an official communication from Lord Spencer, the then Lord Chamberlain, peremptorily prohibiting the representation of 'Robert il Diavolo,' though the work had been already performed by French and English operatic companies; and a melodrama, embracing all the incidents of its libretto, had been brought out at the Adelphi shortly after its production at Paris. What was I to do? To have told Mademoiselle Lind of the obstacle at such a moment would have been fatal, for she had set her heart on making her debut in the character of Alice, and would not have heard of any opera but 'Roberto.' Nor was this prediction founded on mere caprice; for she had said to me, 'If the emotion takes away my voice, I can at least show that I can act and besides, the entire will give me a few moments to recover my self-possession.' I called on Lord Spencer, renowned as a gallant naval officer, but evidently inexperienced in theatrical affairs. Referring to the subject of 'Roberto,' he said: 'Why, one might as well bring the devil and his horns on the stage at once; as if the stage had not been frequently occupied by 'Faust' and his Mephistopheles, the 'Freischutz' and his Zamiel, 'Don Giovanni' with his troop of demons, sermons and burlesqued. I explained to him that by this novel act of authority he was passing a censure not only on his predecessors in office, but likewise on all the courts in Europe; for which of them had not honored Meyerbeer's chef-d'œuvre with his patronage? At last, through the kind intervention of the late Mr. Anson, a man justly honored with the confidence of the court, I overcame all difficulties. 'Robert il Diavolo' was duly licensed, and the evening night arrived."

Mrs. Edmund Falconer (theatrically Mrs. Weston) is

dead. Rev. Mr. Bellow, a clerico-theatrical character and dramatic reader, and a good deal, I fear, of a humbug (*humbug* the philologists say it should be), has written a novel, "Blount Tempest," which Harst & Blackett are to publish.

Two periodicals are soon to die—the *National Review* and the *Englishwoman's Journal*.

The proceedings of the undergraduates at the late Oxford Commemoration were so abnormally bolsterous as to be savage. The British Lion has given a distant growl at them.

M. D. C.

## A PLAINTIVE POSTER.

MR. EDITOR—

SIR: I am amazed, I am disgusted at the number of new buildings now erecting in this city. The extravagance of the people is absolutely appalling to behold. Perhaps I should tell you at once that I am by profession a bill-poster. The profession, I might say, is indigenous to the family, for it has come down to me through an unbroken line (on my maternal side), at one end of which stand I and at the other stands a deceased and now very distant relative. Oh! sir, these are hard times for one like me. I feel very disheartened when I recall the stories of my great grandfather (poor man! he was a smart poster in his day), how he used to post bills "on Broadway from Bowling-green clear up to Canal street," and there was hardly a block that contained more than two buildings. Such beautiful fences as I have heard him describe, smooth and high, frequently running at an angle to the sidewalk, and so appropriate for posters. Why, he thought nothing of putting up five thousand bills between those two points, where now I cannot find room for a hundred.

Let me say here that those who think that anybody can be a bill-poster are greatly mistaken. It is just as much of an art as painting. He who would succeed in the profession must devote long weeks to the study of making paste. Here a knowledge of chemistry is often of advantage, as affording the means of ascertaining just the proper proportion in which the flour and water and alum should be combined in order to insure the highest degree of adhesiveness. Then, just how thick to make the paste—this is a point upon which professors differ. My father held that it should be so stiff that his brush would just stand in a pail filled with it, while my grandfather preferred to make it thin enough to run through his hands without adhering to them. (My own notions on the subject I do not propose to disclose now.) The paste properly made, he who would rise to the dignity of a professor of the art must be able to tell at a glance just what spots are best adapted for posters, and just how much paste he should use. Of course, the sunny side of a street will stand more paste than the shady side, and a brick wall requires more than a board fence. But I am not going into particulars, though the subject is one of deep interest. When the war is over I hope it will receive the attention it so well deserves.

I began by complaining. I have a right to complain. Sir, in the name of my noble profession I protest against the indiscriminate erection of buildings on lots around which have so long stood slightly fences sacred to the cause of bill-posting. And often the buildings thus erected cause me to blush with shame when I recall how charmingly the fences looked decked with gaily colored posters. I could mention several corners on Broadway which once bore the evidences of my handiwork, but are now disgraced by rum-shops. Sir, I appeal to you, are not posters better promoters of morality than liquor stores? Besides, the labor I have to perform now is much greater than it used to be. To fill a large order I have to go as far up as Yorkville, whereas I used to fill it below Fortieth street. True, the curbstones are employed in the business, but I never take such jobs. I consider that branch of the trade as an insult to the profession. No, sir, money cannot tempt me to stoop to work in gutters when I have been accustomed to stand upright and deck stately fences and piles of bricks.

There is one consideration which I fear the public overlook, and I mention it now because of the approach of the presidential campaign. I refer to the difficulty of posting political bills. There are some names which will not stick to anything. If you had seen the trouble I had a week or so ago in trying to make "Fremont and Cochrane" stick to even the best of fences, you would understand how hard my work was. Perhaps you may think these extreme cases, but I can mention others that give me quite as much bother. I might specify the names of Henry J. Raymond, General Busted, Fernando Wood, Wendell Phillips, and others. But I forbear. The list is such a long one that I must ask you to call at my shop if you desire to see it in full.

Excuse this long letter. The subject interests me so deeply that I could not write less and do myself any justice. Sir, I am a patriot. May the day soon come when the Union will be restored, and the fact be announced by posters on every fence in this now almost fenceless city—and all orders will be promptly attended to by

Yours, very truly,

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No. CCIV.—FOR JULY, 1864.

EDITED BY

PROF. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

AND

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, ESQ.

## CONTENTS.

- ART. I.—A Physical Theory of the Universe.  
II.—The Property Rights of Married Women.  
III.—The Philosophy of Space and Time.  
IV.—The Constitution and its Defects.  
V.—The Navy of the United States.  
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